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October 2004

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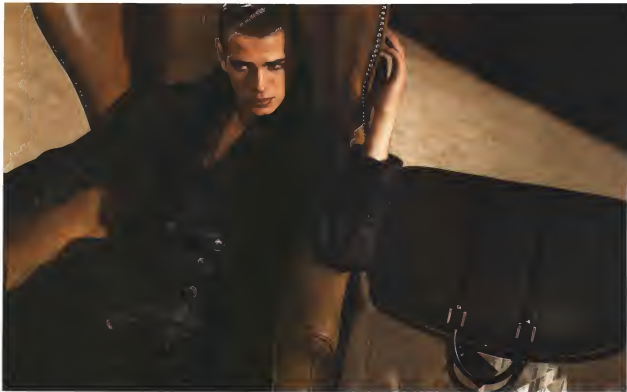
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PITTI IMMAGINE UOMO

In June 2004, during Pitti Immagine Uomo, one of Europe's premiere fashion trade shows for clothing and accessories for the spring-summer collections, Enquire provided fashion clients with cameras and invited them to shoot pictures of their booth with colleagues and fellow retailers that also attended the fashion trade show.

The Pitti Immagine Uomo trade show has grown into one of the most important trade shows in the fashion arena over the past few years, while experiencing record growth in the number of buyers and total turnout.

Here are a few pictures Enquire received back from our fashion clients:

1. Michele Marzotto of Enquire and Rhinoceros Scavolini, Sales Director, at Gianni Piretti. 2. Elisabetta Gualdi of Canal. 3. Carlo Gera, Vice President/Managing of Salvatore Ferragamo. Victoria Hernandez of Ferragamo Ferragamo P.R. Italy. 4. Luciano Marzotto and Roberto Scavolini of Dolce & Gabbana. 5. Roger Cullen, President of Corbelli. 6. Nevis Harris, Winnie Knapton, Hank J. Shuman, Lisa Smith of Rhinoceros and Jean-Michel Cornille. 7. Luciano Barba, Jack Mitchell and Bob Mitchell of Rhinoceros and Mitchell's.

P
PITTI
JUN
2004



ROGER CLEMENS FOR

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COLLECTION

July 8 2004, Los Angeles - One day before his first-ever Dodger Stadium appearance, the camera captures the relaxed confidence of a Major League Baseball legend - wearing here an Italian Super 110's two-way stretch pinstripe suit.

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The National Father's Day Committee is an entity of the Father's Day/Mother's Day Council and exists for the sole purpose of honoring Father of the Year honorees in contemporary lifestyle journals. The Council is a fatherhood, noncommercial organization with a philanthropic goal. The funds raised by the Annual Father of the Year Awards Presentation are devoted to support worthwhile concerns affecting sons, fathers, and families.

On Thursday, June 17th, The National Father's Day Committee hosted its second luncheon to present the 2004 "Father of the Year" Awards. Esquire was a proud sponsor of this special event and joined NBC News Anchor and Master of Ceremonies Brian Williams, a 1995 recipient of the "Father of the Year" at the Sheraton Hotel in New York City, to present 1945 year's awards. The 2004 Honorees Included:

TOMMY LASORDA, L.A. Dodger 9th and Baseball Legend
ELIAS MARGULIS, And Masonry/Media Educator
GENERAL EDWARD E. MYERS, U.S. Air Force, Chairman,
Joint Chiefs of Staff

HOWARD PETTY, NASCAR Champion/NASCAR Legend
BRIAN THOMAS, President of Basketball Operations, New
York Knicks Basketball

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The Milton Margulis Humanitarian Award - 2004
HOWARD KERN, CEO Gateway Partners, Former NYC
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5. Esquire Associate Publisher Jeffrey Ait with General Edward E. Myers, 2. Esquire legend Richard Perry with his grandson, and son Rob Perry, 3. President of the National Father's Day Committee, Bruce A. Goldstein, President of Marketing/Advertising, speaks to the distinguished gathering of guests, 4. NBC legend Brian Williams accepting his "Father of the Year" award, 5. 2004 Honoree, Richard Kerk, 6. Tommy Lasorda, 7. Elias Margulis, 8. Brian Thomas, 9. Howard Petty, 10. Brian Thomas, 11. General Edward E. Myers, 12. Tommy Lasorda, 13. Richard Kerk, 14. Esquire's Paul Rosenberg



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On the cover: Gavin Wandsch photographed exclusively for Esquire by James White. Styling by John Power. Hair by Serge Rembert at Serge Rembert for John Frieda Salon. Makeup by Brigit in Boise-Anderson. Shoes by Christian Louboutin.

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What have you learned? Be it our special anniversary issue or our new magazine, we'll be right there for you. Visit us at www.esquire.com for more.

Self-portraits by photographer June J. Rossini, looking through the camera lens, posing up for a photo in a black and white room. (The "Myself" and "I" pages 196)



Style

Photo-Issue Special: Nine top photographers get in front of the camera for a change and compose nine stylish self-portraits to showcase fall's best casual clothes (**Me, Myself, and I**, page 196). In a world of too many choices, we offer a little help sorting things out. From exquisite fountain pens to the world's slimmest laptop to a gorgeous gin from, of all places, Scotland, this is the right stuff (**The Esquire Catalog**, page 103).



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The Sound and the Fury

BEDECKED IN BLING, Donald Trump greeted readers from the cover of our fourth-annual *What It Feels Like* issue. Inside, Benjamin Alsup framed himself in the world of splinters and spoons to explore the surging sport of pro bass fishing ("A Fish Story"), and James McManus offered an impassioned critique of the federal government's stem-cell policy, in part by showing how the stalled research could potentially save the life of his own daughter ("Please Stand By While the Age of Miracles Is Briefly Suspended"). But no article elicited as much reaction as Tom Junod's "The Case for George W. Bush."

Finally someone has articulated a cogent response to the Irish Intox, who would rather denounce the president than recognize the true nature of the struggle in which the United States finds itself. Abraham Lincoln was indeed fortunate not to have to endure such a blistering, needle-stick from a polyglot of derisive, hateful politicians and propagandists. Had he, it is likely the Confederacy would have succeeded.

Harry Cass
Windsor, Tex

James has shed light on the conflict. Bush spurs thinking liberals. But as, Bush the man inspires a near-automatic dislike. However, seemingly despite himself, he has established a track record of moral clarity in the war on terror that cannot be taken for granted. His pragmatic inclination in action would easily inspire liberals—if he would just do us the courtesy of looking and sounding like John F. Kennedy.

ERIC CARTER
New York, N.Y.

I was disappointed not to be able to find one of my favorite columns, The Indefensible Position, in the August issue. What a relief to discover that it had just moved further back under the guise of "The Case for George W. Bush."

Scott Roth
Barboursburg, Cold

André's essay is so full of worldly thinking that I am not sure it was intended as a defense of Bush. His line of reasoning seems to be this: Despite all his shortcomings, Bush is uniquely qualified to lead with such a cause—the only Church in a

country of Chaudharys. But can we honestly believe that neither Kary nor Gora would have died heroically with Ali Qasbi in Afghanistan and elsewhere (and without being destroyed by a little adventure in Iraq)? Of course the threat of error is never absent. But if all we have is Bush's merely superficial view, we'll never discover the backs of rebel heads.

RALPH C. MERRILL
Clark, Pa.

Joseph's insightful article enabled me to reach past the growing resentment of presidentialism I developed about the current regime in Washington and to review, once again, my judgments. For this I am grateful. But my review ended with the same conclusions. With the destructive attitude he expressed toward the United Nations and America's traditional allies, Bush—not only those among the best but he had to fight off those against terrorism, he also trashed a century-long American tradition of support for the UN to resolve issues that threaten world peace.

ROSE L. WILSON
Cincinnati, Ky

THE GREATER GOOD?

The ethical issues underlying James M. McKim's history on stem-cell research polarized readers.

Thank you for a comprehensive, heart-breaking, and desperately needed article I sent to my husband's arms after reading it. I'm outraged by the stupidity and hypocrisy of people who make righteous claims about the morality of "destroying" five-day-old cells for medical research while feeling totally vindicated about



sending our young, living, breathing men
and women to war.

Lars William
Colburn, Col.

McMurray would have approved of Josef Mengele if he thought the good doctor's experiments would have helped his daughter. What a vicious, hate-filled article about a genuine moral quandary that, alas, I'm just one of those Bible-belt, red-state fanatics, not an enlightened secular humanist, ethical relativist, or free thinker.

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RECORD OF THE RINGS

Back in America's shooty shoots were
murder of patriotism—until Chuck Kleiten-
man ridiculed Olympic supporters as blind
nationalists in his August column.

Rooting for the home town is not a matter of right and wrong. It's about recognizing the achievements of our fellow countrymen and -women, who have worked their ass off to get where they are. There's nothing morally questionable about honoring hard work and achievement, and there's nothing wrong with supporting people who have utilized our culture's resources to develop their skills.

Adam Reed
Admission Ticket

Letters to the editor may be mailed to The Sound and the Fury, Esquire, P.O. Box 1304, Berkeley, Calif. 94701. Also, Esquire encourages the use of fax (415) 849-4050 and email (yo.esquire@earthlink.net) or via the internet (<http://www.esquire.com>) including your full name, address, and daytime phone number. Letters may be edited for length and clarity.





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Contributors

"Photography should excite; it should inspire. It should make you feel something," says **NANCY JO LACCI**, who, as *Esquire's* director of photography, was in the helm of the magazine's first-ever photography issue. "My goal is to grab the reader, make them do a double take and really study it." And according to Lacci, the best way to accomplish this is by giving photographers the freedom to interpret ideas and topics from their own perspective. "The thing I cared about most in this issue was having the photographers' vision come through," says Lacci. "We wanted to give them an idea or topic and have them deal with it in a personal way." For a magazine long known for its extended pose, the concept of an issue dedicated only to photography offered some unique challenges. Yet, in terms of content and tone, Lacci doesn't see this issue as too different from any other. "This issue isn't missing a lot of normal *Esquire*, it's very *Esquire*, which is what makes it unique. We simply brought together all the elements and sensibilities that make the magazine what it is—what *Esquire* is all reporting, interview, and present them in a different way."



"I was looking for something very American," says photographer **PAM O'LEARY**, "and I found it in Las Vegas." Again, actually, Mark found it at the celebrity impersonators convention at the Imperial Palace Hotel, the subject of her cover feature in the "America" portfolio (page 168). "There's so much emphasis today on everything celebrity. If some celebrity is being stalked, it makes the papers. So I found it interesting that people could actually make a living out of looking and acting like somebody else," says Mark, who recently published *Turns Upstairs*, a book about identical twins. "The more you give them sets, they disappear," she says, "which is different from when you're working with an actual celebrity, where you have to hope you get the wife and shot they like you."



"I would tell people from *Esquire* was doing a special feature on America and that while other photographers were assigned to the Grand Canyon and the Statue of Liberty, I was sent to Kodak's," says veteran photographer **BRUCE DAVIDSON** about his decision to photograph Kodak's Data Center, which has been a landmark on Manhattan's Lower East Side since 1918. Davidson feels the site is a symbol of diversity and optimism—also not in every way. This fall, the Museum of Modern Art in New York will feature a large collection of Davidson's work. Davidson's Singer photo gallery, and the Museum of the City of New York will open an exhibition of Davidson's subway photographs from 1950 and 1955.

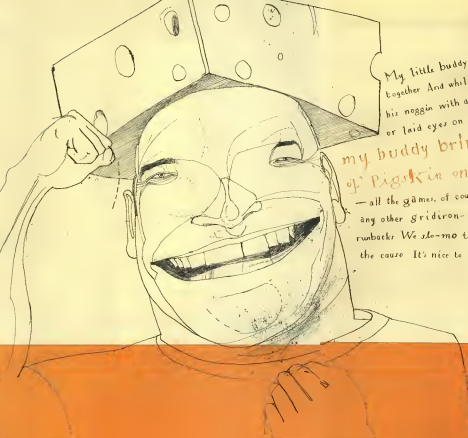


EUGENE RICHARDS was the subject of his "America" portfolio five years ago, set in an unusual series of assignments. "I would spin around in front of a wall map, close my eyes, and point. Whenever my finger landed I'd go to write and photograph," he recalls. One such spin landed him in Auburn, Indiana (population 3,265), where he met Paul Scott, an independently wealthy local who has worked as a photographer and writer for thirty years and has published three or four books. His most recent, *The Far Beyond* (Oxford Press), chronicles an array of subjects, from Honduran coffee growers to a Kansas Coyote den. Currently, Richards is at work on a documentary about a rural classical barbershop in Jersey City, New Jersey, where World War II veterans once congregated.



"Every disaster can be turned into comedy," says English photographer **MARTIN PARR**, who chose the World Trade Center site nearly three years after the September 11 terrorist attacks as the subject for his contribution to "America"—is so doing. Parr is continuing work on it even he began decades ago in England in which he disrupted the building's skyscraper, despite how his camera was changing by studying the habits of consumers and businesses alike. "The artistic director of this year's New Photography Festival," Parr is currently filming a television piece about the intersection of tourism and urban town life.





My little buddy and I watch all the games
together And while my buddy has never adorned
his noggin with a wedge of Styrofoam cheddar,
or laid eyes on the frozen tundra of Lambeau,
my buddy brings M^{rs}. M^{rs}. M^{rs}. M^{rs}. M^{rs}.
of Pigs^{kin} on a silver platter
— all the games, of course, whenever I want — plus
any other gridiron-related goodies. We replay the
runbacks We slo-mo the sacks. We pause for
the cause It's nice to have another fan in the house.



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How do you shoot the surface of the photo but it helps, says photographer JAMES WHITE, when that face belongs to Gisele Bündchen. "We had several ideas for the shoot," says White, "but her features just fit so perfectly. They're actually longer than the typical legs," he says. White has taken some famous cover photos of Britney Spears, Jennifer Lopez, and Rachel McAdams, whose New York City's 5th Ave. to capture the Brazilian beauty on film and was quite happy to learn that Gisele's sense of humor made her happy. "For someone who is as beautiful as she is, she doesn't take herself too seriously," recalls White. "When she walked on the set, she said, 'This light better flicker, rock on, heads and tails.' Luckily for White, she was joking.

In cities where great art is often found, getting serious people to have good fun and to say how was not my task for the photo. JAMES WHITE, who covered the Four Seasons restaurant in New York and the Plaza in Washington D.C. at the same time a feature "Serious People Making Funny Faces" (page 202) an homage to a 1960s feature from 1973. "People aren't taking the photo funny face," he says. "They're not even smiling." He says that he needed a lot of convincing. "I don't think from my experience doing a self-portrait for this month's 'Serious People' (see page 202) 'Because I have been making faces, I can appreciate what they're going through.' And what they make the funniest faces" Washington, hands down.

Crossing the country with little more than a list of addresses for the month's "Serious People" (page 202) "I never knew what to expect," says White, "who was going to be behind the door when I knocked. Not smiling, everyone not only opened up their homes but was so welcoming and kind." He says that the photo was the culmination of months of research in the homes of people, academics, and local reporters were contacted to help build a profile of typical everyday people in some of the most interesting places in the country. Also contributing were Tommaso, Dan Cook, Kevin Galt, Sam Gillingham, Brian Gull, Zelle Palmer, Kevin Reuter, and Graham Schaffer.

"With Avenue is the rest of them all," says JOEL MEYEROWITZ, who photographed the famed New York photographer in part of "Avenue." "I didn't want to make it more than it is, but I wanted to show that it's also to have an urban center that's still alive and alive, as opposed to the kind of desecrating quality that you have in some cities." A native New Yorker, Meyerowitz was one of the first major advocates of color photography in the mid-1960s. He was the only photographer whose work was featured in the exhibition "The New York Times" of September 12, and his work forms the basis of the 1960s Photo Center Archive, a catalog of right-themed photographs that has been viewed by more than 3.5 million people.

Since 1995, writer and director JOHN KASS has photographed each person who has entered his home with an interesting camera. Explaining what inspired him to pursue his hobby, KASS says, "It seemed like a way to say that you could really tell what your life was about. The people who enter your house are obviously the real people in your life. They're the people that you really like. I like a direct, honest, but it's the power of his work. 'Between I have perfect, rich, up-to-date pictures of people in my life, I want to look through and look at them.' To KASS, it's a sense of your life. "An inclusive peek into what's life in Poland—born from the guys in the night hotel in Johnny Depp—begin on page 158. In the photo, he has taken the. A day of the.

Working with the staff of a local police, photographer CHRISTOPHER ANDERSON has been so far from photographing a part of himself when he ventured to a local, evangelical church for "America." "I have a strong relationship with my religious background," says Anderson, who has given the past couple of years photographing conflicts in Iraq and Afghanistan. "But it's something that I have quite said and that I understand." Anderson felt it was important to include religion in the portfolio because it makes such an integral part of American life. "Some people may look at these pictures and say, 'Wow, what a bunch of freaks.'" he says. "But we're making a huge portion of the country. And it's giving us politics and shaping the world we live in."

"The story is about what you enter into certain sexual relations," says writer ROO LOBLE, the author of this month's fiction "After the Thunder" (page 136). "The main character can't understand sexual compulsion. He only understands the sexual touch in his life." And in this story, Loble has created a setting he says is reflective of a greater societal upheaval, "where the natural order of things has broken down, where the prohibitions of the past are dissolving." Loble is a columnist for the London Times. This story will be included in his next book, "The American," by David R. Forster, to be published by Doubleday in December, which explores the role of sexuality in contemporary lives.

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*Source: U.S. Census Bureau, 1996, 1998, 2000, 2002, 2004, 2006, 2008, 2010, 2012, 2014, 2016, 2018, 2020.

NEW YORK (AP) — The Justice Dept. says it has charged a former FBI agent with conspiring to defraud the federal government of \$1.5 million in 1994.

(MANatHisBEST)

**Funny
Joke from a
Beautiful
Woman**

It is a handsome bird, with a crest, a mirror, a red, a yellow eye, and a black. The bird is large, "about 10 in. long."

JULY 1998/STONER

[illegible]

WILLIAM LAMONT
author of "War and
Love Will Be Found"
The Independent





Fantasy Politics League

ADMITTEDLY, POLITICIANS don't seem as much as athletes. And C-SPAN doesn't exactly pull in ESPN ratings. And public servants are usually bigger than ball players (not counting Ted Kennedy). But have you noticed that politics is the new sports? Two guys passing time in an airport lounge are more likely to talk Rumsfeld and WMD than Jeter and RBIs. With that in mind, Esquire has created the Fantasy Politics League. Rotisserie baseball and football are okay. But we prefer to play with these illustrious types.

—PETER MARTIN

RULES

Each will be held after election.
Players will draft:
• 2 Senators
• 1 Cabinet member
• 5 Representatives
• 1 Supreme Court Justice

The playing season will last from January 1 to the following January 1. The player with the highest office wins a draft pick.

POINTS

SENATOR

Each bill introduced (1)
Each bill passed (2)
Each vote missed (-1)
Totally refusing to perform an analogous impossibility (-4)
Mistake comes forward (-2)
Did nothing (-4)
Begins successful veto override (1)
Subject of ethics investigation (-4)
Low child comes forward (-10)
Appears on *The Return* show (-5)
Appears on George Stephanopoulos's show (1)
Suches parties, altering balance of power in chamber (20)

CABINET MEMBER

Public appearance at president's side (1)
Public appearance at president's side while on vacation at president's ranch/ambassadorial chateau (2)
Mistakenly introduces legislation in column (2)
Mistakenly introduces legislation (1)
Presidential directive originates from Cabinet member's office (10)
Each citation in index of a New York Times best-seller (2)
Times best-seller (2)
Publishes own New York Times best-seller (2)
Ignores cover of *Time*, *Newweek*, or *U.S. News & World Report* (2)
Makes main page of *The Smoking Gun* (1)

REPRESENTATIVE

Proposes bill (2)
Introduces amendment (2)
Introduces bill with senator (4)
Each vote missed (-1)
Outlined by Leg. Cdn. Republicans (-2)
Appointed to high-profile joint committee (1)
Fellow-level item passed (-10)
Trip abroad to a war zone (2)
Recesses caucus due for night's notice (7)
Successfully engineers gerrymandering (20)

SUPREME COURT JUSTICE

Drafts majority opinion (4)
Drafts minority opinion (2)
Cites *Reynolds v. United States* in opinion (1)
Confiscates reporters' tapes (-5)
Gives commencement speech at Harvard (1)
Gives commencement speech at Bob Jones University (-1)
Suggests hunting wild party in case before court (-10)
Drinks alcoholic chardonnay and election during procedural technicality (-10)

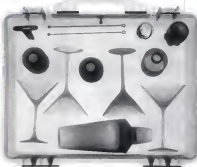
Dear Ketel One Drinker
Here is the recipe for our signature cocktail:
Take one part Ketel One
Add nothing
Drink.

BY BARRY SONNENFELD



Timeshown has become a derby place. It's lost its compass in many ways, including losing fun and taking chances. After all, this is supposed to be the entertainment industry.

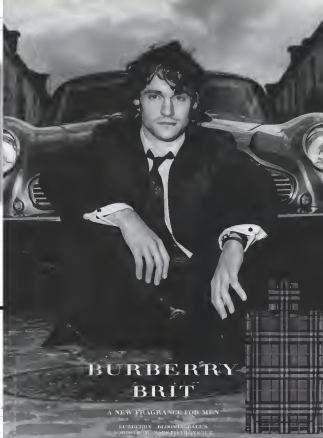
Now I'm not saying that moshing is still the only way to enjoy yourself, but given how fearful everyone in the class has become, having a martini during a meeting is not such a bad idea. That's why I always take the **Martini Kit** (pictured right) to studio meetings. Sometimes the executives will nibble, sometimes they won't, but I always do. It's the tone. Let's not take this too seriously, it's just back school with money.

[illegible]

once in, in the meantime, I'm trying to tell the executive by telling him or her the names of some of the other executives who've had deals with me while at work. They argue, they feel angry, and then they agree to "small talk." David opens up the kitchen, takes a few minutes to make hard cheese. The table contains a thick glass, in which David inserts for two small bottles of Absolut, a martini shaker, a box of Boston Northern Lobster shells, four martini glasses, a bottle of toothpaste, and a hairbrush. The presentation, quite expensive, especially when David, now dressed over his hair, places the bottle glasses on the roomer's table with a table purchased in Paris. It's just for this executive. Tired by his little success, David is still, but there is only so much that you're allowed to have in Los Angeles these days, and a bank account is a little bit of a problem in David's mind as he sits on a 2nd floor corner



ROGER EBERT FIRED THE FIRST WOLLEY, proclaiming Vincent Gallo's minimal road movie the worst film ever to compete at Cannes within seconds of its first press screening. By the end of the festival's day, the consensus had formed: *Widespread*, *Tidus*, *Laughable*, *Thousand*. The world of low-budget indie film had at long last produced a real *Adapt*.

[illegible]

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Of Blades, Burritos, and Blowtorches

Excerpts from *Chef's Secrets: Insider Techniques from Today's Culinary Masters*, as told to Esquire's own Francine Maroukian

1 How to Fold a Burrito

By **W. PHILLIP KINGS**,
owner, El Paso Chile Company,
El Paso, Texas

YOU DON'T just wrap ingredients in a tortilla and call it a burrito—you have to fold, tuck, and roll it to get the right waterproof package so you don't end up with burrito in your lap.

1. Start with supplies: fresh tortillas. In a tandoori emergency, place them in a Ziploc bag and microwave them for a couple of seconds to bring them back to life.

2. Evenly spread the filling—beans, scrambled eggs, whatever—in the middle of the tortilla, leaving a 1/2-inch border all around.

3. Sprinkle on the toppings directly over the filling—salsa, cheese, or crema.



4. Fold up the bottom of the tortilla about halfway over the filling and wrap it up into a waterproof package as pictured above.

I like to wrap my burrito in foil and place it in the back of my car, where it heats up in the warm Texas sun. But everybody knows that one-third of a white-ranch meal is waste.

2 How to Peel a Tomato with a Blowtorch

By **J. GAVIN LEWIS**,
executive chef, Wheeling Lane,
Haverhill, Massachusetts

WHEN I THOUGHT about how to peel whole peppers—blistering the skin so you peel them—it only made sense to peel the skin of a tomato the same way. Instead of roasting it, I started using a blowtorch. Any culinary blowtorch (available in most kitchen stores) will work. You end up with a product in as close to its natural state as you can get, except that it has been peeled.

1. Place a whole tomato stem side down on a metal sheet pan.

2. Blister the skin of the tomato with the blowtorch. Move the torch in a circular motion roughly two to three inches away from the tomato. Blister from top to bottom, going all the way around and down to where the tomato rests on the tray. Then carefully turn it over to expose the stem end and blister the top third. The skin will be completely blistered and loose.

3. Allow the tomato to cool a few minutes. Using the tip of a paring knife, peel the skin by pulling it away and off the tomato.

3 How to Select a Chef's Knife

By **NORMAN KORNBELT**,
owner, Broadway/Parhamer,
New York City

WHAT MAKES A KNIFE right for you is not just the size of the blade. It's the heft of the knife—how it feels in your hand. An excellent starting point in building a collection is a multipurpose chef's knife with a high-quality stainless-steel blade.

1. Start by checking the knife for comfort. Pay special attention to the shape of the bolster (where the handle meets the blade). Some bolsters are square, while others are contoured. The contoured bolsters are usually more comfortable.

2. Check the knife's balance. Grab the knife in a clawlike grip with your fingers sharing both the blade and the handle. This is the balance point—holding it here will give you the most control.

3. Consider the length of the blade, which will range from 6 to 12 inches. Smaller chef's knives are more maneuverable, but the longer your blade, the more you can chop at one time.

4. Note the finish and workmanship by inspecting the tang (the end of the metal through the handle) and checking for wear and tear. Also make sure there are no cracks or creases in the blade that could collect near the rivets.



MICHAEL KORS

Chef's Secrets (\$25), as told to Francine Maroukian, will be published next month by Quirk Books.



1997's *Jacky Gold*, in which the screenwriter exhausted their entire reserve of creativity defining Ross's character Fann and his partner (Vivica A. Fox) Lysteria. And while he's been a vibrant supporting presence in high-profile films like Oliver Stone's *Argo* (even Sunday and Mann's own *Ali*, he's invariably wound up looking cooler than life, overshadowed by flamboyant headlines and dynamic editing.

Unimposing as actor who radiates as much nervous energy as Fox does can't be an easy task, either. To the extent that he's been able to connect with audiences at all, he's done so by throwing himself wholeheartedly into every project, no matter how dopey or marginal his role. Even when the jokes are

Hot and Hazy

He's got the talent. He's got the roles. Hell, he's even got the fame. So why is Jamie Foxx still such a blur?

EVEN THOUGH YOU KNOW it's coming, Tom Cruise's initial appearance in *Collateral*, the recent thriller by Michael Mann, will catch you off guard. Part of the surprise is the way Mann, who was apparently mild in his acting, directing, prop, or weather conditions to some degree, almost as if he were in his head, has transformed Cruise into the spitting image of William L. Petersen circa 1988. But the silver has outline and winter shades and designer stables are merely superficial cosmetics, quickly accepted. What seems truly odd is the sudden intrusion of Tom "press points" Cruise into what had until this scene appeared for all the world to be a Jamie Foxx movie. And this unlikely scenario becomes doubly disconcerting when you realize, a moment later, that you don't even know who the hell a Jamie Foxx movie is.

His there ever been a movie star with such a poorly defined screen persona, even after almost a decade of steady work? Finally, for a moment we understand how Ross managed to land the role role in *Ray*, Taylor Hackworth's forthcoming biopic of the late Ray Charles—not because he isn't a remarkable talent (he's got the singer's dancing grin and mesmerizing easy-down grin), but because Hollywood seems positively hell-bent on squandering his gifts. Until now, his lead roles have been exclusively as movie parodists cross multiple race lines to great-misleading ends,

homing in on his costars are pulling the focus. his commitment and serious-mindedness come through, you never get the sense of somebody existing on a stimulus. At the same time, he keeps Methodically looking and pulling to a minimum, saving as the. However, even in this scene, their waxy-colored actors indicate when they know they're trapped in a matter or danger of forgetting with the off-direction. Audiences respect and admire him, and they want to like him. The only thing standing in the way of their unreserved affection is that Foxx has yet to deliver a defining performance—the one that firmly establishes as actor's screen identity, however he may choose to work and deliver it themselves.

Part of the problem, I suspect, is that he's difficult to pigeonhole, particularly at a glance. Physique features in show band in Hollywood, and Foxx, while plucky handsome, possesses neither the refined, brooding virility of a Denzel Washington nor the currying, everyday affability of a Will Smith. His background is in comedy (*It's a Wonderful Color*, *The Jamie Foxx Show*), but he doesn't have the comic appearance of someone who cracks you up just standing there, the way, say, Martin Lawrence does. Truth be told, he's a little odd looking, with an unusually high forehead, deeply creased brows, and eyes that, though far from heavily shadowed, give the impression of being not quite as large as nature had in-

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* As of June 2004, for 1X optical zoom digital cameras

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[Music]

[BY ANDY LANGRISH]

M
A
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One Sweet-Sounding Season

Five new records that make life worth living

IF THEY GAVE A GRAMMY for the year's brightest promotional pitch, this would win. "I promise you, you are lucky to be receiving the enclosed CD." Lucky to have my shiny Neil Connor start on the morning. Lucky to be an ex-girlfriend who was possessed as the pass-word for her e-mail. Lucky to find an unopened cigarette behind the couch. If luck had anything to do with getting awesome CDs in the mail, I'd be the luckiest man alive. And so here I am, Ray LaMontagne's *Trouble*—the "enclosed CD" in question—is a moving, irrefutable love letter to music. I've turned to it as a person as to in the day I arrived in my studio. Just of all, it's just one of a library of great albums about to be reissued stores



RAY LAMONTAGNE, *Trouble* (RCA) Ray LaMontagne has *Julien's Dream*'s soul, Patti Smith's heart, and a voice that carries the solemnity of a man with halfhearted on his head. His songs are grand ambitions built on crumbling foundations, burning music that documents the propensity for love, loss, and deep depression to lay the same tear ducts. His debut, *Trouble*, is populated by the same demons that made so many people evangelists over Jeff Buckley and R.E.M. In truth, only LaMontagne seems poised to touch as many more of us. He'll be a superstar if he's right, a call to action for those who love Stravinsky and Jack Johnson and for those who miss the touch of their with a tea-dust job. The sound of Vin Martini and Neil Young are the closest reference points, but LaMontagne is as unique as his music. He grew up off the grid, with his mother shuttling her family in parked cars and backyard tents, making her steps in a New Hampshire chicken coop and a video-black school in Tennessee. He eventually left a job at a shoe factory in Maine to pursue music under the name Rayherles LaMontagne. Shortly where his songs "Hallelujah" and "Solace" fit into his history isn't clear, but these moments are now chapters in a bigger story—tales of self-doubt and hard-fought against white pop melodies and an elegant first-gaze



Captain Kirk Gets Serious

WILLIAM SHATNER has a terrific new album.

No joke. Thirty-six years after his spoken-word album *The Great Captain* requires with *Admiral* is not produced and co-written by Ben Folds, featuring guests from David Byrne, Joe Jackson, and Henry Rollins. "This is not an interview about Star Trek. This is a very meaningful project," he reminds us. And indeed it is. It is so good and profound that we're thinking *Oh my*. —S.L.

ESQ. Are people supposed to take this album seriously?
WHS. I do. I know I've been made fun of over the years because of "Guns in the Sky with Diamonds" (that's *WHE!* the Transformer Man). With my new album I am thinking modern poetry with a little peering. I am putting music to literature and making song into literature, contrasting the philosophy of both the song and the literature.

ESQ. That sounds complex. Does that make you a musician?
WHS. No. I consider myself an actor capable of reading poetry. I am not poetry, and Ben Folds transformed it into song. I watched with awe how Ben was taking music that you'd take words—folding with it and he arrived where he wanted to be. It was the biggest compliment of my career.

ESQ. The title track tells your critics down to Never Done Jack. Don't say Dick, and Two Twinkles Down.

WHS. That's my best friend. Are you one of 'em?

ESQ. Which do you think I am?
WHS. I don't recognize your name. But it doesn't matter. You'll print after you're going to print.

ESQ. What if I said the record is a lot of fun?

WHS. It's impossible to take this as just a "fun" record. Sure, it's a record to be enjoyed. If it's not a fun record, it's not a record to laugh off, or the superficial definition of fun.

ESQ. Let's talk about the video. If you weren't the guy from Star Trek, you'd still have the kind of voice that made poetry useful.

WHS. Maybe I'd be reading poetry. But originally, only in Montreal would be learning.



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The new Apple iPod from HP harmonizes with your PC. Just plug, play and prepare to rock. And now every new HP PC* comes preloaded with Apple iTunes software. www.hp.com/music



*New PC owner - download the Apple iTunes software for free at www.hp.com/music.

string version. These songs will be your best friends. Her voice will stop you dead in your tracks. And this scares the shit out of me, but Trouble is only the beginning.

[illegible]

INTERPOL: Andy (Misled) With the benefits of hindsight and symphonies albums, revealing the Stokes-van Dyke debate goes so much credit to the Birelles. With hands over their share of Jay, Division records, but only one confirms that the price tag on your seat is less important than the year of your heart. And, Andia has so much heart, you'll think Interpol. But Stokes has his own's: urgent and being played back. Rich with one such intensity, Interpol may have delivered the year's least such album. Tastes like "Next One" and "Slow Motion" are forbidding yet surprisingly jumpy. By focusing on mood over structure, Interpol has crafted an album that's close to like and even more of a pleasure to listen to than



HOP OF THE STICKS: The Last Days of Mayfly. Reverse the birds, and some all their warm-ups over Endorheal and Cold-dry rivers. As they fly it was today to Kansas Hope of the States. Very angry into... like kids. Dubsy and two friends flying. No, Whitefish are not candidates for the... from an Albert Debusch school collecting the U.S. aerial health-care system and unfair attacks like "Black Girls Run!" and "The Red and the White the Black the Blue?" He could conclude that people—however or however—is what needs more than the. The conclusion is that rarely are situations less alone debate; this regularly bombastic and abusive. We could fall in love with violence more bombing into quiet streams that run through the hills around of Middle Mountain. The... weeks during Hope of the States for questioning new social order and expressing as far away \$34 and four stars in return. And that's exactly what the best deserves. Good News! News!



WILLIE NELSON *It Shouldn't Be (Last Highway)* July 4 came late this year. Sure, not every Willie Nelson album is worth waiting. *Old Glory* for one. But every other record or so, he unleashes a straight-from-the-gut gem. This is one of those albums—no set

the rules

RULE NO 212: Every substance under the age of 12 plays soccer, every substance over the age of 16 ignores it. **RULE NO 345:** While on a tree, the words *smash*, *prick*, and *crack* should be used only as verbs. **RULE NO 908:** It is okay to wear jeans to a work-office softball game—as long as you're really, really good.

MUSIC LESSONS

with John Mayer



THIS MONTH'S LESSON: **1-Fl**

THE NEXT GENERATION of portable speakers looks sleek and airy and sounds like gertel gel.

There's a resurgence in digital audio (and hi-fi portable listening devices lauded for small size and elegant design) but seriously lacking in sound quality. Since the late cylinder was introduced in 1896, each successive listening format has sounded better than its predecessors. The MP3 has broken this streak. Using speakers and headphones are great. So pull out your permission slip. Hide it.

Speakers ring in the cone (the paper ring that you get a kick out of touching when Duffin comes on) to vibrate back and forth and produce sound frequencies. "Tribe vibrations feel" end less intensely, while bass vibrations saturate and creep, making longer waves. When your speakers are the size of a ten year old's mopeds they'll never have the room to do their job, making most low-frequency instruments (bass) unusable. And I thought you loved your bass.

If those details didn't matter to people, there'd be nothing to complain about. But these details matter to consumers. They're just the wrong details. I've used iVine in the electronics department and seen a middle-aged housewife and a tech-savvy 20-something use the same question, "How many Megapixels does this camera have?" But they miss the plain fact that with a pea-sized lens, 6-megapixel pixels still give you some huge grainy images. Conversely, the *Pro* delivers CD-quality sound but is most often listened to through uncommonly low-quality speakers which seem to be soot-covered cardboard in the ear of most users.

Okay, maybe I'm complaining. Mixing a hair dryer into a recording of a produced song is a step further. Music is now being produced with it as the primary mixing environment. The means that music is being produced to sound better on a laptop than through full-sized home stereo speakers, which narrows the sound spectrum and makes everything sound really pretty. Case in point: During the making of my last record, *Revolver*, things were made as loud as a laptop, which is inevitable when music ends up on most speakers today.

But wait, there's one silver lining around the ominous cloud of off-TI. If you can't hear how great the instruments sound (duh), there's nothing to fall back on if the lyrics suck. And that's where I have to give my faith. If you don't care about the sound quality (duh), either, TI's just spent less time finding the right little rhyme to go under that snare drum and more time making sure the words mean something.

To learn what you're missing, check out Apple's Airport Express, which sends music wirelessly from your computer to your home stereo.

sharp, it proves that the Great American Songbook is a work in progress. The sparse 'It Always Will Be' may be his most poignant love song in decades, and what's sadder than Willie Nelson covering a Tim Minchin song? Nothing. You want lucky? Lucky is sharing the same air with an American original.

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SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.

The Hurried Man's Guide to Shakespeare

HERE THERE SATIN enough Shakespearean biographies written to fill the old Globe Theatre. But only one recent Harvard Shakespeare scholar Stephen Greenblatt, who combines cultural history with a dash of nothing of the church work to embrace what Shakes's life might have been like (for those too busy to contemplate how a promising young man spent the 1570s studying Latin and making gloves), here is our *Hurried Man's Guide to Will in the World* (Warner, \$27).

—A.N.N.A. COHEN



Big Important Book of the Month

IN 1944, when Philip Roth had published one novel (not so good), a novella, and some short stories, he wrote "Writing About Jews," an essay defending his work against those Jews—*not* anti-Jews—who had accused him of pandering to anti-Semitism and failing to heed the lessons of the Holocaust.

"For those Jews who choose to continue to call themselves Jews," wrote Roth, back when Roth's Jewish roots were no less fresh in memory than the Reagan presidency is today, "there are reasons to follow to prevent it from ever being 1933 again that are more direct, reasonable, and dignified than beginning to act as though it already is [1933]—or as though it always is" (Roth picked Berlin).

Roth wanted to increase his readers of "young Americans" up the "we will do" to justify "their own tendency and passions."

Now—about 44 years and 30-odd books later, in the flowering of a career that, far beyond counts, has established Roth beyond argument as the greatest Jewish writer America has ever produced—comes *The Plot Against America* (Houghton Mifflin, \$28) it is 1940, Charles Lindbergh is secret league with Hitler's Reich—he's won the White House from FDR, and the U.S. has begun replacing American around the world with American Jews.

This is a highly useful historical novel, surely the only work of Roth's that may be called a page-turner in the usual sense of the term. Tinkling and paranoid mode—but always, for Jews everywhere, within reach—in terror echoes in our world and our America. Read the news. Listen to Fox News's new people, go deep into John Ashcroft's dead-fish eyes. We live one dirty head away from mental law, and not much further from a no-better-reflection of "Round up the Jews."

—SCOTT KRAVITZ



10 Really Short Reviews 1. *Heatwave City* (Houghton Mifflin, \$28) by Suketu Mehta. A vivid chronicle of the burning city of Bombay, from bar dancers to Mumbai's gay community. 2. *The Old Man and the Sea* (St. Martin's, \$25) by Ernest Hemingway. With spiritual guidance from little Red and the old man, the author sets out on a journey to find his way back to his home and learn a little bit about life in the process. 3. *Coyote Warrior* (Jacket, \$24) by Paul Vardevelde. The astonishing account of one American Indian's battle against the federal government to save the land his ancestors love.



The Wanderer

IF YOU THINK just getting off the couch is an art, consider what photographer Michael Chabon has accomplished: He has set foot in 200 countries on all seven continents. Beginning at the age of 12 with a bag of instant film, Chabon chased most of his destinations by word of mouth, asking the locals about the places they love most. Now Chabon, an executive vice-president of Hearst Magazines, Esquire's parent company, has produced *Wanderlust* (Houghton Mifflin, \$25), a remarkable new book of photography about his travels, with pictures of everything from mosques to monks to people.

—PERRY KLEIN



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ESQUIRE

Bring Back the Monogram

One man's slump speech to rehab what the '80s ruined *By Christopher Rand*

THE MONOGRAM HAS GOTTEN a bad rap. One of the unfortunate residuals of the A-list P. Robbins era was the ubiquity of celebrity types to sew their initials onto everything from their breast pockets to their boxer shorts. What started out as a fanciful way to mark your property at the beach was perceived to not only be a more way to let the guy across the hall know the sex of your wallet. We found people so nervous about giving their letters on the collar of their shirts, the elegance of sleeping in hand-dyed pajamas fell to your forehead.

You have to say that it's time to revive the monogram, sort of. It's a classic image, and just a little good use again. Andy Warhol, a noted style expert and a resident to look at short-sleeved t-shirts Robert Taylor gave out after railway officers in the British empire would stamp their initials into the side of their middle as the troops would know where home they were missing with. Good idea. In this age of the day cleaner, it's also an easy way to keep the woman behind the counter from putting your brand-new blouse down as a guy who looks a lot like you. And in a time when everyone seems to be carrying the same laptop, wouldn't it be nice if a simple stamp on your overnight bag would keep you out of the inevitable confusion at the airport baggage carousel?

Yes, we should bring back the monogram for functionality, but, moreover, the time is ripe for monograms to become another way for you to get individuals who little bit of into your wardrobe. Why else would men like Prince and Devlin (neither the offspring nor your initial introduction to the pullover) have these three small letters on their shirts than a quarter of an inch just below your ribcage as a dress shirt and they become a subtle work when you remove your jacket at a dinner party? Or on your shirt, the monogram becomes a main feature when revealed in the laundry. And all about these three letters spelling style instead of vulgar. Regis or not, take advantage of the name your initials give you. Just don't run it for the monogram.



The Guru
Sound
sartorial
advice
from Bill
Hancock,
style
expert

I'm a young political speechwriter, and I want to look good when working in the room with my candidate. Is it okay to dress better than him? (Understanding the boss? Why have I not on a question that seems every aspiring young man in business, politics, or film industry. In my book, it's always a good idea to get a strong sartorial example for your superior. It gives them something to aim for. Remember that you're a lion, not a mouse. If you expect to be a candidate yourself in a few years, do what all the great guys do. Dress for the job you want, not the one you have. Go for smart, plain shirts, well-made dark suits (navy is always good), and simple but immaculate ties. So when if your boss is a somewhat down man of the people in public? Keep that shirt bag, not yours.

I have given a Ralph Lauren dress shirt with a Douglas-lab-cuff. What's the best shirt for a first-year plan? Nothing's better than a complicated shirt. Generally I avoid clothing with any extraneous details. But your Douglas-lab-cuff is a case of a dress shirt that deserves to be worn. It has a collar, and deserves to be worn. This shirt, narrow of collar, comes from the soupy preppy bag of 1960s prep school. The shirt is designed to be a vanguard collar piece. It also pushes up the knot of your tie, which, given the size of the collar, should not be too wide or chunky. Sadly, this shirt just doesn't work as well without a tie.

Have a style dilemma? Contact Bill Hancock at bhancock@theart.com



If You Never Buy Another: Evening Shoe

IN THE INTEREST of saving your pennies, we should probably advocate using the same office-safe pair of black cap-toe oxfords for evening black tie. Unfortunately, a shoe for all seasons doesn't really cut it anymore. The Extra 10 Percent Rule—looking the part and making more effort with the wardrobe—demands that your black-tie look be complete rather than cobbled together, even if you take on formal features jeans. So invest in a pair of Prada's timeless patent-leather shoes (slip-on or lace-up). Fred Astaire would be proud. \$410, 888-977-1900

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 - 86 Finlandia Vodka of Finland
 - 86 Alga French Vodka
 - 85 Skyy Vodka
 - 84 Original Polish Vodka
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 - 80 Lukovany Potok Vodka
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[Answer Fella]



Large tanks, the resulting sites being thinner, bordered and solid, or terraced under the same cupo.

Vigilantism, the Stanley Cup, Wedding Toasts & Animal Glue

ESQUIRE **S ANSWERFELLA** Believes that there are no stupid questions, just stupid people who don't ask questions, fearing they'll look stupid. So ask Answer Fella anything. If he doesn't know the answer, he'll find out who does, or who has a guess that sounds right.

Clay, that last one's a joke. But the point is serious. If it's not one of these exceedingly rare cinematic-jazz-rock-soundtrack-in-public-hall that straddles between doom and daylight rights, just call the real cops. Give them all the information you have, sign a complaint, and show up in court to bear witness against the accused. Sobor.

Great! Come You're reading
Experts, present, the finest
magazine in America! Followed
of men who are men a man and
ladies' men both men who
sue method is sue without
undue boost or plunk. To enter
back the back-up or saddle back
to the neustandard and console
yourself with one of those lad
rags sold to maul-breaching
boys who some day may grow
into men too (Bakusson).

Feeling better, best man?
Good. You've got a big, important task ahead. Here are three simple, basic guidelines:
1. No preferring Zero. Small children and old ladies are present.
2. Do not shame the bride in any attempt to make the groom. This is the biggest public day of her betrothed's life. This isn't the time or place to discuss—let alone allude to—what a poor or splendid cocksman your chum may once have been. Neither

3. Keep it short—five minutes, max.

Yes, give jobs to make folks laugh—and to make them feel warmed, too. Talk about your friend and your friendship: use an anecdote—*an anecdote* (preferably brief)—to illustrate what a jacked he has been and how very lucky he has turned out to be. Say something nice

Conclude by teasing the next episode—something sweet and sincere and funny. Do not mention the fact that the loving couple have, shall I say, *just* made a tragic mistake.

out of room every 12 seasons, so they remove one of the wide silver rings that form the Cup's barrel-shaped base—the fifth ring from the bottom, to be precise—slide up the other four, and add a blank, brand-new ring at the bottom. The “retired” ring is dispatched to the Hockey Hall of Fame, where it is stored in a vault alongside the Gordie Howe’s Great Search.

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1

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3

AN OLD SCHOOL SCENT. *Grandin* is undeniably old school. The last family-owned fragrance house in France, *Grandin* is keeping up the name of the upper crust for nearly 250 years, using natural ingredients and a laborious infusion process largely abandoned these days. *Grandin* Original *Verde* is the perfect postmodern fragrance: fresh and low-key. Pour-ous bottle, \$195; medium bottle, \$125.



2

FORGET WATCHES for a moment. Consider this: a new *Grandin* *Chiffre Rouge* chronograph looks kind of...normal. It's a chunky sport watch which is exactly what it is designed to be. *Grandin*, named after a "look at me" watch but something more. It's only when you get up close that you see the steel body is not symmetrical, the bezel has grip teeth averaging a quarter of an inch in length, and each of the chronograph buttons is different. *Grandin* *Chiffre Rouge*, \$125 (\$100 direct).



Iconic American designer Calvin Klein's new pang-virus collection is the latest and most affordable example of the spirit he's been offering. American men over the past few years, what's different about his new wave of clothing designs is that the very accessible price (shirts, sweaters, and jeans from \$68; jackets from \$78; and leather pieces from around \$495) do not mean a sacrifice of style. Instead, these clothes represent a deconstruction of the high fashion normally associated with far higher prices. The new collection has all the edge and sophistication of the original big-name brand. Calvin Klein Collection with the comfort and sporty attitude of the younger Calvin Klein jeans line. Such models show men in a spirit that's new, more than that, the American man is just trying to put more fun in his daily lives. Leather jacket (\$495), cotton jacket (\$108), cotton cardigan (\$72), cotton shirt (\$48), silk tie (\$55), and wool herringbone trousers (\$48) by Calvin Klein.

4





THE CARRY CASE

Alarmed (even by the well-traveled and the quirky) hip-luggage maker Valenti is what you get when you distill pure Italian design and fine leather goods to their very basics. Proof of the company's eternal value lies in the Premier-etched carrying functional and modern design unchanged since 1973—a time when you could actually say “leather case” without wincing. \$2,500, valenti.com

5



6

A BREATHER'S FRESH The mission of Italian shoemaker Geze is “to convert people into consumers of breathing products.” A leather shoe, breathing? Yes, by way of respiration holes in the sole that let moisture out and nothing else in. A breath of fresh air for your feet. \$175, geze.com

7



SLIMMER IS BETTER The Sony Vaio R505 is the slimmest laptop in the world, measuring a little less than a half-inch in width and weighing in at just under two pounds. It won't fit in its sleek, light carbon-fiber casing. Inside is an impressive 20-gig hard drive and a motherboard thin as the palm of your hand. \$1,400, sony.com

WASH IT It's taken more than a century for Eric Fitch, co-founder of Abercrombie & Fitch, to be immortalized in product. You'll now find his name embroidered on the sweatband of A&F's new line of jeans and shorts. A&F claims a rag bed-up (leading to pants form) and the new line is full of the same perfectly rugged look. Chinos the only way they should be, dressed up, without a triple point in sight. \$85, abercrombie.com

8



9

WE DON'T KNOW they made gin in Scotland, we also didn't know that better health (such as constipation and even a better sleep) was anything other than a mistress's perfume. We don't know anything, because Hendrick's Gin makes use of an entire herb garden. The label says so best. The unexpected miracle of cucumber and rose petals results in a most intoxicating gin. (comedian?) Hum. \$60, hendricksgin.com



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SALEM

stir the senses



The Awe-Inspiring Majesty of Science

If tampering with the DNA of unborn children in an attempt to grant them unfathomable superpowers is wrong, I don't wanna be right

I KNOW NO IDEA WHERE YOU, the loyal *Esquire* reader, happen to stand on the issue of stem-cell research. It's a complex, multifaceted debate, and there are two distinct camps: progressive scientists (who tend to favor stem-cell research) and backward-thinking, anti-science, bigoted/olympic ideologues (who tend to be against it). Both arguments are valid. However, I've noticed an emerging viewpoint that helps clarify the murky ethics surrounding the acceleration of biomedical research, and it should fix my

belief that this acceleration is something we must nurture. We need to pursue stem cell research for the benefit of all humankind, lest we risk being destroyed (or possibly enslaved) by the Super People.

Right now, in Germany, there is a five-year-old boy who has twice the muscle mass of a normal kid his age. He can hold seven-pound weights in each hand with his arms fully extended, which is not something that's even supposed to be able to do, and he has hair-strength that would have made Earl Campbell jealous in 1959. Apparently, the boy's instant muscle mass is due to a genetic mutation that runs in his family (*According to the New England Journal of Medicine*, his great-grandfather was a legendary construction worker and his mother was a world-class sprinter). Regardless of how it happened, the kid is going to be an unstoppable force. *Autism has not released his case, probably because everyone is hoping he'll eventually become a ranked chess fighter.*

Yet—amazingly—this little German juggernaut is only the second most impressive miracle in the Eastern Hemisphere. In Russia, there is a sixteen-year-old girl who allegedly has X-ray vision. Her name is Natscha Denisova, and scientists remain baffled as to why she can see through walls. Not surprisingly, she has no idea how the fuck this happened and doesn't appreciate that her vodka-soaked doctors are equally clueless. "I am worried now that they might be hiding something from me about why I can see through objects," Denisova told *Newsday*. "I don't know how it works, but I can see through things." If this information is even accurate, it has to be the top news story of the year, even if *Autie Rose* really does decide to release Chinese Democracy in November.

Now, I know what you're probably thinking: "In fifteen years, will the super-strong German boy be allowed to date the

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Female X-ray technician? Well, possibly. But here is the more pressing issue: Why is the world suddenly saturated with Super People? Where are they coming from? I don't know about you, but I know I don't want to live in a world where I might be possessed by a five-year-old whose dad probably looks in the Scriptures. I also don't want some Russian teenager strapping chest and telling me I have long cancer. So how do we control the chaotic face of our planet? How do the Lesser People compete with the Super People?

The answer is a lot of research. Let's not delude ourselves: The Super People of today are not like us. (And that difference will only be exacerbated by the Super People of tomorrow.) They mature faster, and they live longer. According to volume 13, number 18 of the *Journal of Chemical Endocrinology & Metabolism*, girls are menstruating at younger and younger ages, according to some data I know who works for *Elle* magazine, eleven-year-old Dwight Howard is more ready for the NBA than twenty-two-year-old Klayton Glazer. These two facts are indisputable, and they prove my point in tenacity. We are unconsciously creating a future New World.

If the human potential of every citizen were placed on a hot graph, these Super People would be the spikes that eliminate the mean—and this is where the danger lies. That inequality is called a Lesser People less than actual. Do you work twelve-hour days while simultaneously training for triathlons? Are you twenty-seven years old and taking Viagra simply so that you will blow the mind of a woman who doesn't already think you're pretty okay? Do you occasionally consume the anti-sleep drug Provigil (designed for narcolepsy) so that you can sleep fifteen hours a week? Are you reading this column while running on a treadmill and fantasizing about blood doping at the Olympics? If so, why, exactly, are you doing that? Is it to compete with German superbabies and X-ray girls? Because it won't work, baby.

The sad reality is that most of these hyper-motivated Lesser People are improving only slightly; they're not becoming full-on Super. Oh, they may live an additional five years, but most of that time will be spent in a retirement home with two broken hips and two hundred broken dreams. But 99 percent of the population, attempts at self-improvement are des-

Dating Advice from Chuck

It is the question on all four

You are romantically involved with someone (but not really). You're having a casual conversation (but not completely). And then, suddenly, the question is asked: "Are we dating, or are we just hooking up?"

This is the core issue of every single relationship, and it's a question that has no correct answer. If you say you're "dating," pressure is placed upon both parties, and a degree of awkwardness is implied. If you claim you're "just hooking up," you are a terrible person who defeats the intention of the word, just as that's a heart and someone who is not you will soon be crying. So how do we answer this question? Is there any response that works?

Yes.
"Well," you say, "it's like we're having a long, intimate party."

This response is perfect. The use of the word long indicates the potential for growth. The word intimate is rich with meaning, suggesting privacy and sensuality. And the word party makes everything seem playful, carefree, and most important: vague. Moreover, this sounds like the kind of thing Rick Jagger would have said to Talia in 1977 had they collided in the cabaret at Studio 54. In a sense, we're all just having a long, intimate party, are we not? Everybody wins.

—C. K.

tated to be normal (and potentially annoying). However, that other 2 percent is exploding through the roof. They can see through brick walls. They have better posture. We have no defense.

And this is why we need more research. We need to ensure that all American children born into this dystopia are genetically predisposed to the possession of at least one (2) superpower. The key is not to punish the Super People by making them Lesser, since that kind of policy would be inhumane, a better solution is to turn all humans into Super People. Instead of pulling the best 2 percent down, let's move the other 98 percent up. This would be complicated (obviously), and it would likely be affordable only through sophisticated nanotech. (Which I realize is more sci-fi than the option I projected two sentences ago, but I don't see any other alternative.)

Granted, it is not (technically) a doctor, as my understanding of stem-cell research is limited to what I've read on *ew.com*. But in layman's terms, stem cells are very basic cells that can be directed in the lab and turned into "differentiated" cells with specific functions and unique properties. I would like to assure

that these properties might include invisibility, bulletproof skin, immunity to static electricity, the ability to subvert safety on a diet of wool, self-healing, hair, immortality, and an innate understanding of Jim Morrison's music and poetry. These are qualities that could be randomly inserted into the DNA of every unborn American, eventually leveling the field between the angrier Super People and the pathetic Lesser People.

The simple truth is that we're already cyborgs, more or less. Our mouths are filled with silver. Our neurological careers are repaired with surgical lasers. Almost 40 percent of Americans now have prosthetic limbs. (This is an estimate.) We seem to have no qualms about making positively improvements to our fragile selves. Why are we so uncomfortable with pro-birth improvements? Just because something isn't natural, doesn't mean it isn't good.

Genetics are power, and power is freedom, and freedom is slavery, and slavery is fear. And never again shall we fear German superbabies or Russian freaks. Those days are over. Push the envelope. Roll the bones. If science is wrong, I don't want to fight. M



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[THE GAME]

the delicately calloused palm soles from less good to very bad.

When it's hot, hot. When it's on turf, even. Hot glaze turf, he's declined.

Then, add ice, he's going to get away and catch a toe and pull his hamstring, or burn the shit out of his hands, or torch his knees with a shovel, or maybe he'll melt down through the turf and the rubber mat and the cables and against the concrete (you're under there).

Steve August rights, he'll sit down in the dorm room at night and turn on his dick lamp and look at his schedule. He'll see five weeks four ones, and eleven will be hot, and eleven will also happen to play out on turf—faded with frills, bald the pokies. That means he'll need to be able to turn up hot Villanor before the whole blows on week nine, for a two- or three-week cycle. Which means that for weeks seven and eight, he'll try to ride things out on the pokies and the spring in mood (pink) they usually pump on horses. He'll owe the good coaches his front teeth, and the way he'll keep his stomach from swelling and he'll sit just the side of the front fence line of adoration: well, but body willing, he'll have something like a life after football life away.

He thinks most about that life at problems every and in this he is not alone. Not after the day's second practice is over, especially. Maybe there will be fifty guys wrapped in blood-stained towels in the locker room, looking at one another and at the ceilings and how packed and empty sides of things, and every last one of them will be thinking about turning out the door and into his doublets and back into back to his coach's heat and wife. Because the pain doesn't undermine your body alone, it keeps on your head. The hurting sensation on long and fuck, and you learn to tell yourself whatever has you need to hear.

He tells himself that the lights are getting better. He's worked his way up his own's second strain, and now he's getting a whole row of seats on the charter—that much more room to stretch out his screaming legs—while the coaches crunch up and scuffle, turning their wounds in the back.

The trainers are getting more attention to him now, too, because he's still around long enough for them to begin caring about his upleg. He's not a three-man player but a machine to be maintained. They'll look him up every where he needs, to long with it just right, or not any more illegal than handing out prescriptions on demand. (That is

one of the more important bits, because it's legal for some people some of the time, it's pretty much legal for all people all of the time, or at least for the people who play football for a living.)

And there's always Tuesday. Just the thought of a simple Tuesday can keep a man going for a long time.

Tuesday is the football Sabbath. On Tuesday, he is free. He can do anything he likes. Mostly he likes to sleep, or he looks his ass down and watches his really big TV. He tries very hard not to take more than a hundred steps. He might go to the fridge once or twice, he might a little more often. He takes a couple of pills, and he sometimes.

That, and he plays more calendar head games. He reminds himself about October, and the remainder of about January. These are his scales a meter, Tuesday is a much bigger scale.

October because his body always feels its best then. He's not asleep into the night any more, that his legs and his back have begun picking it. October is all about bidding reserves of gold coins in the vault. October is supply.

January is demand.

That's okay, because spring's just around the corner. So even though the postseason sees some serious traffic in the Re department—even though guys will get shots of liquid rheumatoid in their ass and chew Vicks like maracas and even contemplate getting the cortisone pumped into their joints for the leg—they're sure to be right to go off to find it, because that's end in near. They can hardly believe they need to take to get there over that final bump and stand like a ring although their fingers are swollen from all the water they've been pushing back, because the Villanor can hang up the cleats pretty good.

But that's not really the heart of it.

The heart of it is that spring's just around the corner.

And even his pen's rhythm will beat on something other than 6/4 time, and he'll have managed to keep his stomach from bleeding, and his coach and his best and his wife will be waiting for him, and it's a good life, really, when you think about it. It's a trade anyone would make. And on this, the last day of the season, he's won. He's made it to the finish, making just a step to the front of the zone of that great black dog in a man could ever win, he's safe that been barely beaten out, glowing white through the haze. **M**

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Susan Casey is an overworked executive and former workaholic who continues to compare against college-age punks.

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—SCOTT FRAMPTON



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6. **THE FRONT, "HIS SHIPPER"** So's melody meets shredding and Meg's backbeat.

7. **THE ROLLING STONES, "BITCH"** Yeah. Please if that's all right, I'm talking to you.

8. **HOPE OF THE STATES, "THE REDDIE WHITE THE BLACK THE BLUE"** Per your effort, there are rockers here.

9. **WALTON, "WHERE IS MY BOY (FEATURING CHRIS MARTIN)"** Colapinto's Martin means even lovely electronic whistled and turn. You're done.

Ask Dr. Oz

FREE ADVICE FROM A MEDICAL PROFESSIONAL



I've heard doctors have become quicker to prescribe cholesterol drugs. How can I know when it's Lipitor time for me?

The NIH recently adjusted its guidelines lowering the cholesterol levels at which anti-cholesterol drugs are recommended. It's a good move if anything, I recommend being even more vigilant than the guidelines suggest.

The key number here is your LDL, or "bad" cholesterol. The new guidelines are that members of the high-risk group—people who've already had a heart attack or are at high risk for cardiovascular problems—should maintain an LDL level of 100 mg/dl. I recommend pushing for 70. Those in the next-highest risk group should have a less than 130 percent change of less in a year, while an overall should have an LDL under 130, while those deemed at low risk should be under 160.

How do you know your risk level? Use the NIH's risk assessment calculator. It takes in your age, sex, cholesterol, and other factors to give you a risk group. Your first step should be TLC—the medical lifestyle changes—followed by the statins. In 2005, 1.5 million people per day. Only after exhausting these options should drugs be considered.

Dr. Mehmet Oz is a vice-chair of cardiology services at Columbia University. For ask him a question, go to www.ozmd.com/ask.

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(TV)



This Is the Man Who'll Lead the Revolution?

Don't let his wonder bread appearance fool you. The new president of NBC Entertainment is a sicko at heart. And that may be exactly what network television needs right now. **BY ANDREW GOLDMAN**

TAKE A GLANCE AT KEVIN SPACEY, with his sparkling white teeth, dapper gray-suit body, Lee Remickian balance of hair, and handsomely tailored jacket, and one thought comes to mind: If you ever had to rent a show about the television business and say Mike we're not available, that guy would make the perfect arbiter network president who, through a combination of good looks and towel-sopping political instincts, has risen to a position where he can champion the most mass-knowledge-of-the-network's best shows while brutally pounding the originality out of every promising pilot script that crosses his desk.

• Ex-*ER* manikin Kelly, on the NBC studio lot in Burbank: "We are a species despite all you know!"

In one important way, you wouldn't be wrong: Kevin Kelly happens to be the new president of NBC Entertainment, taking the reins at the most vulnerable moment in broadcast's recent history. But despite that boardroom-ready exterior, there's some really dark, disturbing shit afooting around in that brain of his, the kind of stuff that if it ever actually finds its way on the air will cause blue-haired ladies to write their congressmen, send advertisers running through their desks for Marlow, and maybe, just maybe, save network television from its slow deterioration.

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to irrelevance. "My whole life, I've felt like I could walk in the door with a bloody head, my hand, and somebody would go, 'Oh, look at that! (dress-up guy) What a nice boy!'" says Brilly. "A lot of times I identified with the outcasts, but I never looked like one."

But he landed his new job by making like one. When he took his previous post as head of FX, the channel was an exercise in crêpe volcanoes, Rupert Murdoch's word-*little-kidding* ground for *Entertainment Weekly* and the *Professor X* arena. Then he read a cap-show script by a frustrated, low-level writer for the WB show *Angel*. "In the final frame of the thing, the lead guy says *you know another dirty cap story?*" Reddy says. "This should be the moment when you hear the sound of the screen being rolled, as the crew

"I thought, 'Man, how weird! We're going to make this thing.' So was born *The Shield*, which managed to win Michael Chiklis the lead-actor Emmy in his debut season and first alone in the world that FX was not in fact some channel for pyrotechnics geeks. Though Kelly's mien is, of course, never kind to an audience, you had to admire a show that dared to make the laughs a dirty-guy-gambler's quest to save his brother's blood.

But the mistake of Billy's note for what he thinks to call "vocalization" came when he misinterpreted Ryan Murphy to write the plot for *MyTuck*, which on its face—a low-hung plastic rarperry soap—assured the success of conventional television. Murphy came back with a script about desirable doctors in which a surgeon's clinic is frequented with his own father, a girl who flushed down the toilet, and an orphanage orphanized with the son who saved his life during childhood, whose corpse is later found with horns and fangs slithering by the doctor. Luckily, before anyone stomachs a chain-link page of it, "We are, as a species, despicable, you know?" Billy says. "Grossness has gone overboard in trying to make people likeable and safe and comfortable."

So with that sunny thought in mind, what in the name of Grant Tinker happened to NBC's new lineup, the first on Reilly's watch? Could anything possibly be as safe and comfortable as, say, a comedy built around the premise that jokes about borderline-retarded characters can still be funny a decade after we first heard them? Or how 'bout *Trud* by Jerry, the fourth-hour-of-donk-drinking drama based out of Jack Woff's apparently infinite one-track mind? At NBC's on-air press

Q+A:
Dominic West

If you were dragged to the movies Monday, Feb. 25 or 26, that's likely where you first encountered the pretty, lean-as-mug of actor Dominic West. But West has broken out of the chad-fake genre, grating tough as an alcoholic Baltimore cop on HBO's *The Wire*, now entering its third season. Of course, he isn't tough enough to hold on to a few of those roles opposite sexy actresses, and in this month's thriller *The Pigeon*, West plays a detective who's involved with Julianne Moore. —SARA BLISS

ESQ: Some critics say *The Wire* is the best show on TV, so why aren't more people watching? Did I suppose we're a cold lot, highly thought of, a thing you can sit down and watch one episode of *Lost*. Part of the writers' policy is not to condense

ESQ. You seem to play a lot of heavy drinkers.

OH I seem to play only alcohol! The best was during the press I did for 20 Days. A journalist asked me, "So, are you an alcoholic?" I said, "Well, yeah, probably." And then it hit me, and I said, "OH! You mean the character?"

ESQ: Do you ever get recognized?
DW: I've only stopped by people in uniform, whether it's customs people, janitors, or the FBI—they all watch *The Wire*. Sadly, beautiful, glamorous women don't hang out here about it.

ESQ. What's life like as a single guy in Baltimore?

EW I spent quite a bit of time in New York, and I think that must be the worst place to be single in the world. I don't know whether it's too much choice or an endless stream of richers, but people don't tend to hook up there. But you got to a nice businesslike (a la BMW) area and it gets a lot faster, as long as you avoid your expensive (or moderately ESQ) but as the father of a five-year-old you must have noticed that women have a soft spot for single dads.

DW They don't? They think you're incompetent. They think you're a fake. How am I missing out on this? I must be going to the wrong places.

EW I've hung out at dozens of playgrounds. Bored out of my mind, with not even a look of contempt from disapproving mothers all around me. Either they think I'm a perceptive or a delinquent kid. That's what I get for being a single dad—suspicious looks at the playground.

session in New York, Bully spent all but ten minutes of the two-and-a-half-hour presentation reading his thumbs backwards while his host, Jeff Zucker, posed the stage like a tiger's ascent, imploring the crowd to advocate to "imagine the possibilities" of the newly merged NBC-Universal, which was a clever way of getting them to start imagining NBC's prime-time lineup, now that Jennifer Aniston had skipped her last *Friends* and *Scrubs* appearances. Bully and Jerry and Rodney Grammer (wearing black to nod to his wife's gothic color). It was

Even though Reilly, forty-two, spent the past year handling up-development at NBC, waiting in the wings for Zucker to report to his larger corporate job in New York, the up-grams made one thing abundantly clear: This looked an awful lot like a schedule authored by the man himself.

The stage. In his three years on the job, Zachary, unable to connect the world to live-thanks like *Drew & Coupling*, had sucked every molecule of *Reilly* out from NBC's lineup of signing scripted hits like *Wings*, *The West Wing*, *Friends*, and *Prisoner* without replenishing it. He did manage to bring reality TV to the network, from *Jackie* (who in between-anchored heart he was all *Nat*), and *Soledad* through *Competition's* hour-lit, *The Apprentice*, puts a couple gallons of gas in the apocalyptic *Reilly* rebirth.

It means NBC, a network that recently defined edge comedy by creating *Wings*, Goldberg, in a grumpy mood, may not be quite ready for *Reilly*'s man-of-the-moment sensibility, but this season at least. After the hour appeared walled in the door a year ago, the *Callin* builders, who have



¹⁴ "...beautifully balanced..." *Smithsonian* v. 136, n. 10, p. 104, 2002.

¹¹ "...a masterful move by Absolut..." *The Financial Times*, 19 April 1994, 4/5, para. 1. Highly recommended.

¹⁰ "...a hauntingly delicious finish." *Food Project*, Jan 2006

9844 J. Neurosci., February 22, 2006 • 26(8):9840–9844

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created. Early, sent him a script called *The Friendlys*, about a hedonistic family of comedians. It opened with a shot of a young woman beating down balls off the corpse of her father, who later would be dipped twice—in chocolate, only to be sampled by his widow. At the end, a Chihuahua is dropped into a window. “It was *Aladdin* on the loosey-wax in a chocolate factory,” says Mark Cullen. “We basically dared Kevin to make it,” says his brother, Robb. Reilly called them back and told them it was the funniest script he’d read. He was just as excited about the script for *Foster* *Hill*, a pitch-black comedy by former *Coupling* actor Christopher Meyers.

Both pilots were shot. Neither will air. When NBC last screened their material—

“That’s more than I can say for his last job. After producing *Ken*, Correll, the Long Island-based Reilly nearly broke the heart of his last job—the Reilly of *Quark* & Reilly doesn’t break here—by seeing his fortune in show business rather than on Wall Street. Now, as a producer, assistant in New York, he set the set of a *Basin* Murkin commercial with recent and right intent of error, estimated with separating the fat from the economics and the large fish from the crabbed ones. Eight years later, as head of events development for NBC, he found himself doing essentially the same thing: only with scripts and pilots. Reilly does as usual he had an eye for the fat, juicy ones, fighting for two shows that some of his bosses in Burbank

**NBC may not be quite ready for Reilly's
misanthropic sensibilities. Two of his pet
projects bombed at in-house screenings.**

including one screening at New York attended by GE entertainment heads Bob Wright himself—they scored at the bottom among candidates the network was developing. “*Obnoxious*,” says Meyers of *Foster Hill*. “There was just no way in a million years the auto was going to go for it. We all knew that if we wanted to really do something cutting edge, NBC wasn’t really the place to be trying it.” Adds Mark Cullen: “I think Kevin was evenly split.”

Reilly adds to that neither pilot delivered on the promise of the scripts, but he hasn’t given up. He based the Cullen to come back and try again for 2008. “I know in the next couple cycles we’re going to start popping a more of this stuff,” he says. “I’m just sort of winning up over here.” Reilly points to *Revisions*, the television series about the biblical end of the world he pitched as a one-off behind “satire” projects. “The first hour features one of Reilly’s signature Bounchies, a freshly severed fingertip plopping in the floor. And next season, rather than just throwing on heads of reality TV, he’s adding a few ideas for more offbeat, scripted shows, including some how-would-it-go half-hour disaster to a no coherent hour? “I have so much creative freedom to do things now as I did in my previous jobs,” he says. “As long as I succeed, I’m going to continue to have that creative freedom.”

now as too dark and uncomfortable. *ER* and *House*. After leaving in 1994, he went on to head independent company Dr. Brian Grey’s television division, where he helped develop *The Sopranos*—though he’s hesitant to take too much credit, since creator David Chase told him to keep his nose out after the pilot was shot. First of all, Reilly’s willingness to champion both approaches has earned him a level of respect from the creative types. “Kevin’s considered a guy with the potential to bridge the gap a little bit,” says Jeff Lewenson, the co-owner of *Spin City* and executive producer of NBC’s *Scrubs*. “I’ve been doing this for fourteen years, and every morning if the writers start the day with a cup of coffee, talking about what makes the network successful as Kevin seems like one of us enough that you find yourself not hating him.”

Of course, nobody owns what writers think should go on TV. “You have to understand when you’re programming,” Jeff Zucker says, “and Kevin does understand that. I have great confidence in his ability to know exactly what the audience wants. He has very good commercial instincts.”

Believe it or not, Reilly, Kevin Reilly will remember that sometimes you need to check what the audience wants and give it what it needs. Nice, yes, but, who knows how many days will be in prison time. ■



■ Her veterinarian
guarantees she's
guaranteed



■ Do other animals have oral sex? How did we get started on this?

No one wants to imagine cocker spaniels or Danes having sex for reasons other than procreation. But carnivorous animals are not always as purrfect as people would like to think. "For a lot of animals, particularly social mammals like primates, a lot of part of life just is to forage, and sexuality is expressed in many situations," explains Herbert Jaki, author of *Sexual Selection: What Men Can and Can't Learn About Sex from Animals*. Consider bonobo apes, whose peaceful, free-love societies deep in the Congo have been turning on scientists for years. Bonobos engage in all manner of sexual activity, including homosexual sex (both kinds), missionary-position sex, anal sex, genital-to-genital rubbing, mutual masturbation, and even French kissing. The difference is, for bonobos, sex is the preferred social lubricant. Billy montage—that's what bonobos make when they're happy. However, while oral-her behavior has been observed in other mammals, this degree of sexual lubrication has never been found outside of bonobo societies or Andy Dick's house. Get it even for animals is essential means to an end (sex didn't exist in and of itself). Mammals that have only oral sex and never have

intercourse wouldn't last very long after all," says Jaki, which is not to say that they wouldn't have made the most of their time here. Humans, we can envision, have been going down since the dawn of time. Timothy Taylor, author of *The History of Sex* describes ancient Mesopotamians in that depicted a woman rubbing one man's penis being penetrated by another, but he doesn't mention a particularly hot or just your standard cave-piercing stuff. I can only put up with discovered and see for the same reason we discovered deep-fried bananas, but it's not like it's a quest for pleasure or a quest for our enormous penis and clitoris of free time.

So much is made of this and literature about how great penitence is. If we tried it, it's admits and asserts versus their cat food. Have I ever heard of a cat doing it in the process, or am I just not "cat love" enough to do it? (I don't get the animal's answer.) I command your leaving to involve a consensual opinion and I feel for you—showered from the past, out there eating the tuna again. According to Jan Morris, author of *Sex Comes First*, "Many men should... appreciate a woman's sexual... not letting their

penis turn into a sausage." Now I have no idea what that means, but I do know this: Female genitalia is an "orgasmic tool." It's designed to do something—usually, just to feel good—then people start themselves to believe that no one can accuse the m of being dumb. A sweating strap is not necessary since the vagina is self-cleaning system. So unless there's a strong odor (which could signal infection), it's possible that all she needs is a shower. Experts recommend using this to help you. I know it's a bit of a pain to do, but just try to be. "Cunnilingus is a time for you to hear," Chop, chop! "You may want to try a small amount of lubricant, which comes in all kinds of flavors. Like pink cologne, mango, vanilla, cherry, lamb-and-violet formula, fishermen's sauce, and hot-hot coconut. However, as Michael De Mott of myherpetarium says, "It's a good idea to just a good idea to learn to like it." Besides, you know she won't let you love the taste and go to all these

Last weekend my girlfriend was out of town, and I accidentally found her vibrator. Does this mean that I'm a successful guy? It's definitely bigger than I am. I should think to bring it into the bedroom with a?

Your girlfriend is a virgin to masturbate is not different to yours. And I'll sure she confident you and her wonder special in your own ways. Don't feel dissatisfied or try to compete, and you certainly shouldn't attempt to win her vibrator away by buying it a birthday and some flowers. It's a bit of a pain to do, but just try to be. "Cunnilingus is a time for you to hear," Chop, chop! "You may want to try a small amount of lubricant, which comes in all kinds of flavors. Like pink cologne, mango, vanilla, cherry, lamb-and-violet formula, fishermen's sauce, and hot-hot coconut. However, as Michael De Mott of myherpetarium says, "It's a good idea to just a good idea to learn to like it." Besides, you know she won't let you love the taste and go to all these

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"I don't think I'm an actress—I think I've created a brand and a business."



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Morty the Cop

The NYPD could leave counterterrorism to the feds... but it tried that. So New York has quietly extended its security perimeter a bit. Including a Manhattan homicide detective in Israel. **BY THOMAS KELLY**

IT'S A SLIP-OF-THE-TONGUE situation, and Morty is reading his kudos for a frolic in the local park when his cell phone and beeper start dancing on his belt. Without looking, he knows that this isn't good. He puts his arm on the head, feels the warmth of hair, then wraps his fingers up, reading the LED display. Another suicide bombing—this time it's a car. He feels the kids off on his wife, jumps in his car, and without benefit of lights or siren races up the French coast to Haifa.

On the scene, he takes calls giving him directions and details. News reports on the radio say there were about 100 before the bomb went off, and that's a miracle, it's something new, a change in tactics. His head is a catalog of destruction, of terror attacks and suicide bombings. At the scene, Morty unfolds a list in fact three inches of himself out of his Maude and spouts into the harsh midday light. There is the usual controlled chaos of a bombing—first responders, cops and EMT and firefighters. It's been an hour since the blast, and he knows the wounded and dying will be gone, whisked to hospitals, the test for chemical and biological agents done, the search for secondary devices complete. He asks distraught relatives gathering: "hopeful and despondent." He reaches into his pocket and pulls out his credentials, which identify him as NYPD detective first grade Morty the Detective, though his way past the cop enforcing the perimeter. The Maude interview is a small heart-warming thing as a kid, but looking at the Maude as an FBI. Right now it's taking notes—how far out on the roadblocks searching for secondary devices, where is the police perimeter? He steps lightly, careful to avoid anything that might be evidence, anything that used to be part of someone. For a second, he takes in the pleasant Mediterranean breeze, and to some extent that life goes on, then into the carnage he goes. He fights an impulse, leaves his cell with Morty the Detective South of the sea, to light up a cigarette to mark the start of slaughter. Back in New York, the old scene would reach behind

the bus, peer a couple fingers of Johnnie Walker, and cough, reading the scene, analyzing the dead, trying to conjure up their final moments. But this is no sloppy homicide brought on by booze or jealousy, no social-service killing of one dad by another, no someone who, let's face it, had it coming. The dead here are truly innocent. And that's what is left here, the dead.

Morty knows that at these events, the who does it is rarely a question. He's learned a lot about bad things since coming to Israel, and knows that when people explode themselves, their legs often blow down and swing their torso are suspended, and their heads fly up, coming to rest close to where they last brushed. The local grand jurors give him a quick nod down. This time it was a

woman, the crime is with a taxi driver, but he's all a mess, got up, and believe it or not, paid the bill before trying to stand in the middle of the road and flesh a single switch that ended a charge from a nine-volt battery down a wire to two pounds of explosives that sent shrapnel flying around the wounded taxi at eight hundred meters per second, killing twenty-one people.

Morty quickly discounts the reports of gunfire. It was fragmentation from the bomb that put bullet-like holes in the windows, not any change in tactics. He tries to ignore the gore, to focus on the facts of the case, but body parts are everywhere. There is a fat woman, dead, sitting on a chair, her arms hanging her upright, when the old or dead are scattered across, including the man lying beside her, his knees deep against his head like yolk from a cracked egg. Witnesses say the bomber was a beautiful Palestinian woman—a lawyer by trade, it would turn out—and her head sat on the floor, looking like a reborn Holocaust

"Sometimes I wish I had a terrible childhood so that at least I'd have an excuse."



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frighten him, pretty no more. The world will know her now. Her family will talk of vengeance and God, almost brother killed by the Israeli army, will keep praise on her. Morty will pay tribute to those of this. It's a cop, not a politician.

He's busy taking notes, counting the dead, studying the best patients, watching his step while studying how the Israeli cops, all too proud to be this, work the net. But even more in a well-wired way, say about the case of New Jersey, so old shows may reveal the place, suggested calls from family never to be answered. Morty has heard the same thing many times and ignores the same tones. How did she get in? He wonders. Every statement in Israel is required to have a document issued with a gun and a signature, and they are usually efficient brave, several have died of a stroke or a heart attack.

He checks the hotline of his shoes for marks. He steps out back, inky from the smell of diesel, like seen a stroller, perhaps blown out by the blast. He's been a cop for twenty-two years, including five as a homicide detective, and his squad drew more duty after the World Trade Center, made of glass and steel, and this is the worst time he's responded to a scene like this, but the stroller gets to him. He looks out over the deep blue sea, an impossible perspective view. He looks up with a smile, and then he calls New York.

Ask New York City police commissioner Ray Kelly why one of his detectives is stationed in Tel Aviv and he'll say, "Whether we like it or not, my officers are front-line soldiers in the war on terror." Given that recognizable phrase, it makes sense to have some of them forward-deployed. Kelly lived across the street from the World Trade Center, so he witnessed all the horror of 9/11 from his living room. When he was reappointed police commissioner several months later, he was determined to make sure his officers were never hit again. If that meant sending cops who don't share his psychology to the District of Columbia, tough also. The idea of pouring local cops to foreign corners was novel, but Kelly is not a cop. He is a man who wants to protect the citizens of New York, not to be the hero of his own story. Between stints at the PC, Kelly served in

Washington as both the head of the U.S. Customs Service and undersecretary of the Treasury in charge of law enforcement. He understands bureaucratic inertia, how high-ups avoid upscaling more time covering their asses than worrying about how effective field agents are. Like many others, Kelly was unimpressed by their track record in New York.

One of his first moves in the fight was to hire David Cohen, a thirty-five-year-old CIA man, as deputy commissioner of intelligence, and together they decided to start watching NYPD detectives overseas, and together they decided where the bad guys are instead of waiting for information to trickle down the spook food chain, or sitting around while intelligence-community finger-pointing is sorted out.

"It's hard to find an AI Qaeda expert who does not name New York as terror target

inferred. He was always calm, understanding, so I suppose it's up to the head or following. He was your kindly coach telling you it's okay that you feel stupid or lost, doesn't everyone?" He was an excellent homicide detective," says McCabe.

Morty grabs me at the Tel Aviv airport, and the first thing I notice about David is the sheer lack of pose. He looks like a man who's been to the gym, but he's not. He's earned his stripes by years waiting at bus stops, then's riding high in the back of the Joe Citizen's car going up at the local filling station. After dumping my stuff in a Tel Aviv hotel, we drive out to the police station off the road to Jerusalem where Morty has his office. Here, he's a precinct cop.

We park, and as we cross the walled compound, we pass a dozen men sitting dandy and listless, clinging to the rear shade along the wall. "Illegal workers," Morty

Although Morty always wore the yarmulke on duty in New York, here he makes a point of not wearing it. "I want them to see NYPD first."

another one," he points out. Still, Kelly has to make do with his less-than-federal way to let the city do its own thing. And he believes the Iraq war has made it so much even more likely because it has given a lot of people who used to sit and become American citizens another reason to sit. Kelly and Cohen, Edward, will go. They started working as a team, Kelly's aggressive detectives from the ranks of the NYPD and sending them to work with Israeli and Jordanian. And, most important of all, if you are sending men overseas to fight and study terrorism, to Israel.

Morty and I go back a way, to when I was doing radio things a few years ago with the Manhattan South Historical Society, led by Detective Sergeant Brian McCabe. McCabe had put together a crew that sounded like a band of brothers. There was a black, a Puerto Rican, two women, an Indian, one Whop, an Irishman, and a few other oddballs. They were tough, smart, and relentless and closed out even with this. In this instance, Morty played the good cop. He'd been back in the right elbow cugged in his left palm, his fingers striking his chin where dealing with hapless

they. They were in pairs, with the presence of the trypsin. We were a team where two signs hang, one in Hebrew points in one direction, and the other says simply never with an arrow.

Morty's office is small and contains a desk and two chairs. On the wall are various citations, portraits of Commissioner Kelly and Deputy Cohen, and a picture of Morty taken when Mayor Bloomberg visited to show support after a particularly bad suicide bombing that killed New Yorkers. That's where his hangs his hat, but Morty doesn't sit still. He needs to be out there. He checks the e-mail from the NYPD and all signs. Morty plans to take me around to meet his various contacts, and if an "event"—as they blandly label suicide bombings here—happens, we'll go.

We stop first in the office of the post commander, some of middle-aged man in a patterned shirt, a collection of bowties and hats, and the hardest blue eyes. I have over seen his police in a guarded way, and it was a police shirt with an NYPD logo on it. He says the car he doesn't trust the press, and he wonders why the hell Morty might, then asks that I don't use his name, and I say sure, but out of doesn't really matter and half of the fact that he looks like the kind of guy who

WITH THE GAME
HEADED INTO
OVERTIME,
JEFF KNEW
LEAVING
HIS SEAT FOR
A SMOKE WASN'T
AN OPTION.
THAT'S WHEN HE TURNED TO PAGE 139.



snaps opens the way you might snap a car's stick. We chat about New York and the importance of having this face-to-face interaction on today's busy, often meaningless, of relationships, how such an effective it is to have to go to the field rather than sitting thousands of miles away being informed by fax and e-mail and phone. The talk turns to the past problems of miscommunication between American agencies, considerably one reason behind Marty's deployment. The commander goes wide-eyed. He shakes his head. "You have to know what's going on with all groups. They have a responsibility to let people know."

I ask a question I will ask all week: What

infiltrators, but this time it tells about a woman and her four children abducted and shot dead in Gaza. The woman was a teacher, and seven months pregnant, so the attackers made sure to fire a final shot into her stomach, killing the fetus. It's a story we all right. Burekas happened in the Gaza Strip, territory controlled by the Israeli Defense Forces, and Marty's mission is strictly with the police within the state of Israel, cop to cop. Still, that will ratchet up the tension level everywhere. Marty shakes his head. "There will be resolution."

It's a long way from the streets of New York, but he is stationed right where you want to be to get a Ph.D. in counterterrorism. When Kelly decided to expand the NYPD's security perimeter to Israel, Mendicino took only was a natural choice.

As a rabbi's had growing up in Brooklyn, Mendicino never dreamed of becoming a cop. Once Jewish boys, even ones reared in the ethnically diverse projects of Canaan, were meant for higher things on the American ladder. Their mothers saw to that.

During another street with guns, so matter on what side of the law, was only seven, his mother died of cancer, and maybe that's why. If the mother does not die, Marty is probably living on Long Island, another second-generation economic success story, making in the Zug every two years, making sure his tiny neighbor system flow clearly instead, he ends up building a city college, half-answering his way through memories of becoming. One day playing basketball, he was a flycatcher to recruit more Jews for their most Catholic of missions, the NYPD.

Marty figuring he's not on for office life, when the first. His father the rabbi insists that it is a Jewish obligation. To bonds and relations, he becomes Marty the cop. So he's pushing a beam in Brooklyn and proudly even a moderately wearing in your face always. When Jesse Jackson famously declares New York "Hyman Teves" during the 1984 presidential campaign, Marty goes assigned the first post outside

Jackson's Brooklyn HQ. "I wanted the good reward to see the biggest Jew in New York with a gun," he says. Marty's fluent in Hebrew, and soon he is sherry-picked, assigned to cases on which the language is an asset, helping look up Israeli drug gangster money launderers. Later, during the summer, there is a rash of Turkish deaths, and Marty goes since security as the lead investigator of the Turkish Tour Force, bringing the bodies to Israel. All of the led to homicide, the ones for detectives, and finally to the fight against terror.

When Marty showed up in Israel, there was no spoken, no structure for leaving the New York detective on board. "It was hard at first," he admits. "Nobody knew what to expect. I started with the simple notion of respecting the host, not stepping on toes." His fluency in Hebrew helped, and being a Jew did not hurt. But while always were the results of some, here he makes a point of not wearing it. "I want them to see NYPD first—that's why I cut hair. It has nothing to do with religious or politics. It has to do with keeping New York safe." With no precedent for his posting, Marty just politely kept popping up, developing relationships, making contacts.

Gil Kleiman is about the closest thing Marty has to a partner in Israel. Tall Italian, tall Jewish, and straight out of Brooklyn, Gil moved to Israel to serve in the army, got out, and decided to stay and become a cop. He's knifed his way up the chain of command and now is the face of the Israeli police to the world, serving as foreign spokesman, the guy you see on CNN after an attack, with his younger. De More features, sharp, intelligent, unfappable. Over Argentine meals, Marty and Kleiman trade war stories, like all cops who wear stars and collars and the Hebrew laborer that comes with the job no matter where it is practiced. They have the easy rapport of guys who come from the same place. Kleiman makes a point of getting Marty across to whatever he needs.

It's been three months, a story long time between bookends, and both men are a bit on edge. There are reports of explosives on the island with 1000-odd dead. Two or with it, papers, of Jewish bodies. That is and strategy are always changing. Israel emerges every credible terror weapons a day, and its 901 system lights up with dirty devices and a day. It's not reason for the escalation to nuclear bombings, intended package to Israeli assassinations response. "We have an entire population," Kleiman says.

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■ The town's security chief, Israel says, that is just in time to defend. Marty being able to take the heat of the longer ago the floor—when the DDC was the head of a beautiful young woman about suicide bombings in New York, an L.A., or at a significant security risk south of the Mexican?

"Shouldn't we need more than ten of them to stop a sniper New York? It would only take a couple of shots to change New York forever."

The thinking is right. One in a department store and another, say, in a department store. I ask how we might prevent such a thing: "We can't really stop the Israeli way. You can't put a security guard in every doorway. They were trained and trained from us and adapt them to New York."

Tactics and strategy is clear. It's a matter of will to continue to live in Israel. As we get up to leave, the commander says, "The best intelligence in the world is no good buried to a computer."

Marty's beeper is constantly beeping at his side. Usually it describes sightings of suspicious characters, possible

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Luck why they think there has not been a bombing lately?

"They look at each other, and Morty says, 'The intelligence has been good and it's been lucky.'"

I ask Kleiman if he thinks we should brace for suicide bombings in New York. "Are you nuts? If they do it, I hope they strap stuffed jumbo jets to their backs!"

It seems always to be sunny in Israel. We sit in a cozy cafe, drinking the local coffee, called buva, which has the consistency of something drained from an angel after fifty thousand miles, but it's excellent. Morty watches the buses go by, points out which routes have been bombed. He talks about the Israeli response, how smart and adaptive it is, how determined to bounce right back. Prevention is one

side of fighting terror, and the other is recovery. You can never stop all attacks. The Israeli army goes to the Knap-Hay Azura's camp about bad reviews. It's okay to be a one spot your breakfast, but never your lunch. You hit a bus? We'll have the same route running in a few hours. Back you.

The Israeli police and their members are the constant state of flux. One leaves and his steps become popular targets, the cops in command a couple of security guards whose side beats his transportation. They are young, mostly male, fresh out of the army. Wear the armbands and watch one work. "You had a really good day today," Morty says. He has just tucked in his swordsmanship, a metal-detecting wand in his hand, and he works the half-black around the bus stop like a thin utility trying to intercept, or at least hit down, death. The kids in constant motion, rings, points but first when he says young Arabs and perks into their bags, and does not miss a thing. Morty asks me if I want to ride a bus, which he has said down to watch the security work. I glance down at my now-empty cup and say nothing. I order more boba in the sun. The Israeli buses of all life, and the idea of flying twelve hours to die in one holds some appeal.

Police headquarters is in Jerusalem, a large stone structure with speckly windows on the roof. We park down the block, across from an Arab school, near a Mafes from headquarters, and in the playground schoolchildren engage in a

tag-of-war. There are one million Israeli Arabs, and so in Israel as in other times. You wonder how well we might treat Muslims in Israel if only after a few attacks in Manhattan.

Morty runs on one HQ. In the lobby are some displays, instruments to find cops and some building just some of the children used to crossfire deaths. A kind of Israeli, a person's coffee, a cup of coffee, a flower, a cookie tin, a flowerpot, a video screen, a person's coffee. But there are reminders of a quiet time in terror attacks. As we wait for the elevator, Morty points out that in a recent past bombers have dressed as Hasidim, men dressed in women, and now women, brightly dressed and dancing, going by.

Morty is popular here in headquarters. Even among the hardened Israeli police, it's

though have been quiet. Do I really want to walk through this shit? I turn to show the stick to Morty, and he shakes his head. No. It's been there, thank you. On the wall is a large poster with thousands of victims, like the ones you see in New York, but with all the handwritten names of firefighters, police, and so on. That poster is really out of date. Think the numbers, and Kleiman has to look for a moment, Morty says, "They always say so many dead, so many injured, and people think, Oh, squared isn't too bad. Well, the kind of injured you get beyond the normal, again, or well again, or one again, or maybe all three. Injured in these bombings is totally screwed for life. I have seen New Yorkers have to deal with this."

Kleiman has an idea, he mentions, and Morty and I follow him into the bowels of the

"The kind of injured you get is you'll never talk again, or walk again, or see again, or maybe all three. Injured in these bombings is totally screwed for life."

clear NYPD has racket. Most of the people who pass a sign have a hint of a smile. He makes a point to come here too, three times a week, to meet the cops and go to the cops, to get the facts. We go down to the director of operations. Morty wants to share news about a series of angry messages found around Manhattan. It's unclear whether there is some kind of threat. It's not a threat, but the Israelis know to take everything seriously. When they hear the kind of a man who might like to go with you at these. You can't point out, because of the situation. "You have to watch the situation. If it is someone gauging your reaction, you need to know people in a position to see if there is someone watching your first responders." This is one of the issues Morty has relayed to New York, where the cops and firefighters have long been known for their gang-like enthusiasm. It might seem simple, but it is a major change in philosophy. Show it down a bit. Think first. Again, tactics and strategy.

We visit Kleiman's house at HQ, and he shows us a single-shot envelope, often through a handful of pictures, and then pushes them across the desk to me. It is a gallery of images, of the innocent in all manner of death, stepped forward in resistance a rag, blown into the next life. As I flip through the stack, I'm relieved that

building, where the Israeli police squad in the world makes its home. Last year it was an eight-five thousand mile in a country of its million people. Kleiman slides through a metal door and after a minute comes out to get us. I'm going to be the first person to ever allowed into this secret. He welcomes us to a confounded suicide belt.

It is simple but well-constructed. It has a metal mesh, but the Israelis know to take everything seriously. When they hear the kind of a man who might like to go with you at these. You can't point out, because of the situation. "You have to watch the situation. If it is someone gauging your reaction, you need to know people in a position to see if there is someone watching your first responders." This is one of the issues Morty has relayed to New York, where the cops and firefighters have long been known for their gang-like enthusiasm. It might seem simple, but it is a major change in philosophy. Show it down a bit. Think first. Again, tactics and strategy.

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Ten Things You Don't Know About Women

By Sandra Oh



1. If you want to date an Asian sister, do not do the full-on thing. a) Tell me about your trip to Asia and how you taught English there. b) Tell me how much you just love Chinese food. c) Practice your Japanese on me. I'm Korean.
2. When we're fighting about the toothpaste cap, we're not really fighting about the toothpaste cap. We're fighting about that thing that happened three or four months ago at what a mid-face's house when you neglected that major issue we have—which, by the way, is fundamental.
3. When we have been pleased and you haven't yet, I'm like it's your turn! no matter what we say, make it quick.
4. We have an infinite vocabulary for colors. Purple is not pink, nor is it red. Khaki is not green, nor is it brown. There is more than blue and green on the color wheel.
5. If it's over, just tell us. If you're sitting around afraid of hurting us, it only makes the relationship so unbearable that we have to break up with you. We're

actually stronger than you think, so even though we may cry more than you do, we're way more resilient.

6. When you ask us if we're angry and we say we're fine, we're lying.

7. This one I can't tell you.

8. It doesn't matter how big the bubble, how big the restaurant—the one you spent on that pencil drawing of our number that heiku written on the vintage hotel stationery you found in Omaha is what truly stole our hearts.

9. You know that quarter of yours with the huge boots when you've fantasized us having it three some with? Ask her.

10. So, you want to know the surefire way to get laid? Start by cleaning the house.

Sandra Oh stars in *Scrubs*. *Interviews* this month.

Many more things you don't know about women are on www.women.com/women.

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CHATEAU





What the Thunder Said

This kind of sexual obsession can't be good for anyone **BY BOB LIDDLE**

1. Mr. Squirrel

ALAN VANCE: PINK BUNNET OVER THE LITTLE HORN ON JACKMAN RYE COMMON, so warm and fragrant it might still be summer. Down by the artificial lake kids are throwing stones at *Cassiopeia* pees, sitting with a sunny doctress in the white crescent on the sides of these conventional hills. The children laugh and shriek and congratulate each other when they score a direct hit—which is often, because the Cassiopeia gene are too fat and indulgent to dodge the rattleballs and just float along on their tiny ocean of blith, impervious and slow, and suffer the pain. Away from the lake, more and more people along narrow walkways carrying towels and jackets and a backpacks descended by their children—for although the passersby lope up alongside the howling green night doves, it is surprisingly warm for the time of year, for the time of day, a close, sticky warmth which rises in bubbles from the subaqueous black bed of the lake and hangs down heavily from the trees above. It is October, but there is still the smell, everywhere you walk, of recently cut grass, of mixed meadow, of the shallow waters of the lake and the (long) road beyond, of juncos, of air softness which the gardeners are now among grown-up year's rills. You really could be fooled that summer hasn't left us yet. There are even some swallows, here and there.

It's a kind of sunset, too, in the tiny clearing between the poplar bushes and the rhododendrons, where, her head under a leafy lip, a mouse coo coo coo for a final few seconds as the blow job she is giving to Eddie Herbach ends from the sleeping and her black tights are holed in the knees, the slowness of the scaffold and naively that she is not

ing if not consciousness, even here, the makes sure to slide her mouth right down and has one hand lightly draped around her back, all of which is a difficult operation with the rhododendron branches coming across her shoulders and the second from the middle distance, of a child's shouting and laughing, like her father's.

But in truth she is conscious mostly of Eddie's penicillin mouth—and, in a strange, delirious sense, of the green sunlight still shimmering through the trees around her—usually associated in this act of benediction and supplication. Eddie is kneeling too, it is far too small a space for him to stand, although he would rather be were standing, much prefer it, especially now he is come with the history of publishing of his lips and looking deeply to his back on his branches, it's like pinning up a lip, he thinks. His throat

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bedclothes into the sharp green lawn and says her name "Denise..." Just loud enough for her to hear. He is not sure, later, why he said it at all. Who else would it have been? What was the point of that? Did he think it was someone else?

Looking up at the men from either side, her mouth glowing in grief, she shakes her hair free of the twigs and twine and, grabbing him by the shoulders, brings his shaking body into hers. Persevering, you might think, she then that thick, oily, glutinous gleam on the back of his throat and more even than that the pressure of a male body close to her own. Out of convention and enthusiasm they hug with vigor, a belated attempt to confer some emotional commencement upon this hastily convened event, and then Denise goes with shock and pulls away, something moved in the salt-green twilight just a few

inches behind. Eddie's ear registering her sudden disengagement, Eddie turns around in panic, quickly wiping his fly. Two brown eyes stare out at him from the lowest branch of a lime tree.

Eddie is perplexed by how come the eyes are so unusually close together. And then suddenly the eyes are gone, with a ghostly ruffling and the slightest disturbance of air around their heads. Denise laughs in relief. "Gee, Mr. Squared."

Eddie doesn't laugh, he is too haunted, his dark back against a jagged bush full of thorns and rose haws. "I thought for a minute it was..." but his voice trails off and he shakes his head. The squirrel is gone, and in front of him Denise is laughing there instead with one hand behind her legs, her white cotton shirt bunched up around her thighs. Eddie feels panicked. His small jagged beard and freshly disturbed mud and her sudden breath and conversation perfume, and a thin film of nausea envelope him. "We'd better go, Julie."

Again, he can't finish the sentence. His ribs with difficulty find a stop along her back and behind the dirt from his bush comes the clatter his eyes and ribs, for a moment, suspended in the air there.

From the south, somewhere beyond Rockingham, there comes a low, fat rumble of the thunder.

Eddie shakes his head and gropes for the right words. "That is a curse," he says, watching her touch herself distractedly and without conviction, as the green sunlight around them fades to burnt orange. She pulls her hand away and straggles her skirt, her eyes wide with worry. "Yes, well, it's strange you didn't take that view three months ago," she says, "had you not?" "Well, obviously I couldn't even if I wanted to. That's why it's a curse."

"Come from when, exactly?"

Eddie shakes his head. "I don't know." He smiles. "I only know that it's a curse."

"No, Eddie, it was just above you. You've had plenty of those before."

Denise meets with invitation and pushes her backside free of twigs and cubed mud, half leaning on the forked perimeter of the juniper bush. The last of the sunlight flickers across her face like distant lightning, the lawn beyond and kisses his neck. Eddie's muscles beneath writhen with resistance. "None," she says to him as a reluctant

like a spectral emanation rather than a person—notice Eddie and Denise clinging out of the foliage. But they register nothing, not even a problem or disgust, and just continue their slow walk toward the lake.

Julie was left to buy three ice creams while Eddie and Denise, as Eddie put it, "take in the new rose trailer" by the lake. Eddie regards his wife from a distance, sitting on a green bench just down from his Whigpy, just sitting there waiting with that perpetually preoccupied look on her face as the comets start into each of her veins. The request for ice cream seems absurd and, Eddie thinks, transparently obvious. Except that those days, two months into their affair, every rose seems eerily meaningful and ludicrous and yet is carried off without even the faintest whiff of suspicion from the rippled parties.

Julie looks up and grim as they draw

He feels melodramatic having described their affair as a curse. He almost always feels stupid beside her and, in some way, at a disadvantage.

stage whinges, "let's see if your little wily managed to locate the ice-cream van."

2. The Redged Pucko

THEY CLIMB THROUGH the bushes and jump over the low log fence and walk together down past the bowling green to the park entrance, the lavender-stink sky darkening above them.

He thinks about coming in her mouth and wonders why her mouth is the one he so implacably wishes to come in. It is, after all, only a mouth, but when she lies down to nap on his back there is no more green sunlight, he had to hold back even then, he hasn't known such a change he was seventeen years old. He cannot explain why this should be so, the compulsion of all, the drive and the reluctance to act.

He feels both his and melodramatic having described their affair as a curse, epicurean, like drizzle, like rain, like a storm, like a sunset. He almost always feels stupid beside her and, in some indefinable way, at a disadvantage. There is no reason why this should be so, he thinks.

An elderly couple, both wrapped up in thick coats against some imaginary chill—the man spurring a beanie and shaking growth upon his nose which makes him look

ever attempting to break away a strand of her pale-brown hair with her arms as a light wind ruffles the moss behind her. She holds out two of the ice creams, desperate to be rid of them, the stark bright yellow of the frozen chocolate contrast making Eddie's stomach heave and his senses merge into a thin film of nausea.

"Back your man," she shouts. "Quick, take these, they're dripping every where..." and stands up to face them.

With exaggerated thanks they take the cones from her and walk together along the tennis path, toward the end of the park and Barry Road. Denise has got a spirit of determination but she whimpers, she is full of something. She waits until Julie is looking in another direction and then follows the ice cream for Eddie's benefit, covering it all around her mouth and letting the thick moisten gush dribble down her chin.

There's another low rumble of thunder in the sky to the south, a faint manner of complaint from beyond the edge of their eyeglass. The wind brushes across the playground in front of them.

Eddie looks away from Denise sharply but cannot stop the impression of excitement against his stomach. It rises up and makes his shoulders quiver and his lips become





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perched like a hawk. Julie's head has every time he looks back. Denise is there and she looks the way all of us must look: awestruck, huge mouthful with her eyes closed in mockapture. Eddie thinks she is being cheap and dangerous and, what's more, mocking him in some way but he can't stop watching her and the horrible occurrence.

Then the wind blows her skirt out from behind and the first drops of rain burst upon her blouse. Ahead of them three crows come from the grass and they miserably toward the lone tree.

Julie's not saying much. Eddie wonders what's wrong with her, perhaps she's found out somehow, he thinks. This is what he always thinks, no matter what the situation, no matter how extraordinary it would be if she were somehow suddenly to know.

And although this worry should make him crumpled and cautious, he instead deepens a grin, lightly touches the hem of Denise's jacket, and whispers in her ear: "I want you again."

Denise glances over quickly to see if Julie has heard this and whispers back, with a degree more discretion, with discretion and irony: "I thought it was a curse!"

"That doesn't make me want you less," Julie's now throwing slightly ahead of them, having thrown the remains of her scream into a metal rubbish bin. She turns back and seems about to speak when she catches sight of the light-brown stain on the front of Denise's skirt.

"What happened to you, Ma?" she asks, smiling.

Denise says nothing by way of reply because she doesn't understand what Julie is referring to. Eddie gets it though. He has been watching her walk, wandering and worrying, still clenching her stomach, strange misadventure and like he is or almost is his stomach.

"Your mother fell?" Eddie says, with a smirk. "She can't keep her feet anymore, it would seem."

Julie notices that word edge in his voice, which she begins to notice around now after these days. She thinks it must be an ingenueness and tension. When they first married, Eddie was silly and fribble whenever Julie insisted upon a visit to their lives. He objected to the amount of time Julie spent with her parents, a seemed casual and an imposition on their relationship. All Julie

would say is: "We're a close family, okay?" And then, by way of a sort of recompense, she made this little effort with his family too—or his poor beleaguered, perpetually frustrated father, at least.

"You didn't hurt yourself, did you, then?" she asks Denise.

"No, never been better. Eddie was there to help. It's awful to have stairs around, to help you up when you fall!"

Julie wonders if they've been kidding again, if there's some argument left behind in the park and which, for her benefit, they are unwilling to continue. She feels guilty at inflicting her mother upon Eddie all the time.

They walk on in silence. By the time they reach the corner of Barry Road it's almost dusk and big grey clouds are backing along the edge of the sky, the wind skimming across the park behind, carrying

with it the occasional vast droplet of water which will, soon enough, lead to a downpour. Eddie is walking later that night and every pressed with the weather it will be a good night to make some money. He imagines the patterned cough of the car idling, going, but not another job, something which involves him, involving money. He smokes, Cuffed, Pungs—to pick up a couple of girls early to be outside the night and who will cheer and make him feel right and then tip generously.

A little ahead of them, on Barry Road, there's an old man standing and rolling across the pavement. He stops occasionally to scrape himself on garden walks and hedges. He is rather very passed, or dying, or both.

At the three-draw level, approaching him cautiously, he turns round and confronts them, grinning: "Well, what do you think of the how to be?" he says, very contented, as if he's seeing some thing magnificent to them.

He is unshaven and his teeth are totally fucked, either missing or blackened. His trousers are grime-covered, and a couple of declarations and ingratitude, and he's eggged down overcoat is held together with what look like crumpled tape. His hair is matted, matted plastered over, looking a head. A car above, one eye is still missing blood.

He stands there, grinning at them of them, sort of coming but too old and too whiskered out to be much of a threat, really. Then the grin disappears and he looks from one to another of them as they try to pass by on the pavement. Eddie laughs at them all along and at times, at first, to save the man.

"Hey!" the redneck facks shouts after them. "I'll tell you what I think. I think it's fucking rubbish! I'll fucking make."

This is not too aggressive for Eddie's sensibilities and notions of civility. He tells Denise and Julie to go on ahead while he turns back to converse with the drunk.

"You want to watch your fucking mouth, mate, shouting at women like that," he says to the facks, sternly.

The facks straightens himself up and gives a broad smile. "Development," he says, quietly to Eddie.

"What did you say?" says Eddie.

"Development. Development," says the facks and spreads his arms wide open. And then, getting no response from Eddie, he shows once more, for emphasis, "Development!"

"Just watch your mouth, mate," answers Eddie, disinterested.

"It's all about development," says the facks simply, and then starts looking a tree very hard. Eddie isn't sure what to do. He stands and watches him for a bit, laying in to the tree and still saying "Development."

"Development?" answers the facks, at present of back fly up around him. "Development!"

"You need more," says Eddie and with a shrug stops watching the facks and instead repeats his wife and mother.

3. The Alligator

THE TV SET IN DENISE'S room is the window shade and the TV flickers in the window lighting. They so in Denise's front room drinking beer and watching a quiz show, Denise has her hair tucked back with a blue ribbon, she is lying slouched on the floor, her back up against the sofa, drinking straight from the can. She should see her fucking eye, he thinks, unkindly. [continued on page 212]

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THE PHOTO ISSUE



Photo

"I can be whatever you want me to be," Ms. Bündchen was saying. "If you want me to be the sexy girl, I can do that. If you want me to be the weird girl, I can do that. And if you want me to be the classically beautiful girl, I can do that, too." Over the course of the next seventy-two pages, we let photographs do most of the talking. Scores of photos by some of America's great photographers. Their subject is photography's greatest subject: people. (And sometimes dogs.) People not being what we want them to be, but revealing themselves for what they are.

GLORIA RÜNDCHEN
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Seven visionary
photographers
on what's
defining us now

A M E R I C A

Untitled,
2004



Tina Barney

(FOURTH OF JULY, NEW ENGLAND, 2004)

I have been photographing the Fourth of July events in this New England town since I first moved here in 1986. I'm quite sure that I continue to photograph this very same event over and over to somehow find the perfect photograph that might best capture this annual visual feast, which scatters across a piece of film in what seems to be a pattern very close to a fireworks display, replacing sparks with flags, balloons, crumpled paper, fragrant T-shirts, and baby carriages, to somehow find that miraculously choreographed photograph of a perfect American place and its people on the most American day. ■



AMERICA



Martin Parr

(TOURISTS AT GROUND ZERO, NEW YORK CITY)

We all know the world changed after 9/11. I hadn't been to Ground Zero since about six weeks after. It was very different then. I was curious, so I just went down to have a look. The crowd was predominantly American, and they were very, very emotional. There is something ironic, though, that this most hallowed site and this most hallowed ground is now a tourist site, offering a wide range of souvenirs. I wanted to explore this through photography and even ended up collecting some of the more interesting examples. ■



AMERICA



Mary Ellen Mark

(CELEBRITY-IMPERSONATORS
CONVENTION, LAS VEGAS)

The Imperial Palace Hotel in Las Vegas has made a reputation by having floor-show performers and casino dealers who look exactly like celebrities. So the Imperial Palace was the perfect place for celebrating look-alike convention. The first night of the convention was surreal. I left to enter the bus that was taking everyone to a party on a ranch. Suddenly, a myriad of far-out-looking people appeared at the bus stop—"Marilyn Darling," "Roddy Dangerfield," "Whoopee Goldberg," as people at first felt like outsiders because I didn't look like anybody except myself. But when they heard I was from *Esquire*, I was suddenly treated like a celebrity. The next two days were filled with events: "Cher," "Jack Nicholson," "Prince," "Michael Jackson," "Liza Minnelli," and many others mimicked features, not agents, learned cosmetic tips, had breasts x-rayed, lipographed! "Prince" getting ready for an event in his bubble bath. The high light of the weekend was a talent showcase featuring "Marilyn Monroe," two "Elvis Presleys," "Shania Twain," "Caran O'Brien," and others. Later in the day, everybody got "George W. Bush" inside. We got very giddy when I lipographed him with "Caran O'Brien," who was mulling fun at him. Later that evening, "Shania Twain" and "Arnold Schwarzenegger" got married. "George W. Bush" was one of the best men. ■

John Allen as
Brian Connery,
Evelyn Michaels as Cher,
and Jack English as
Jack Nicholson

AMERICA



Mary
Ellen
Mark

Left: Donny Osmond
Donny Osmond
Below: Richard Dreyfuss
vs. Joe Pesci and
Bruce Campbell as
Conan O'Brien



Right: Joseph
Monaghan as Robert
De Niro. Below: Alex
Corbett as Prince





Bruce Davidson

(KATZ'S DELICATESSEN, NEW YORK CITY)

[illegible]



Eugene Richards

(DR. PAUL SCOTT AND HIS WIFE, JANICE, LINCOLN, NEBRASKA)

I first met Paul Scott in 1995. I'd stopped for breakfast in the fourth-floor of Auburn, Nebraska, when some old man called me over to their table. All of them were farmers but for a retired doctor and Dr. Scott, who introduced himself with a grin as "my underwriter's best friend." It struck me that Dr. Scott's table that first day was his life. He was frail-looking, bony, with slightly stooping shoulders, while the other men at the table were large and fleshy. It might have been the way he offered his complete attention to whoever was speaking, whatever the reason, I sensed what everyone else around the table had to have already known—that this man was someone special. The next morning, I followed the eighty-year-old country doctor on rounds. In and out of patients' rooms at the local nursing home, where he served as medical director. Then I stayed after his closing duty, did rounds, visiting men and women who were ill or traveling to his home office or simply empty, longing for a word of some company. Dr. Scott is now eighty-nine years old and finally, quite suddenly, feeling his age. Five years ago, even though he had lost his beloved younger daughter, Carol, to leukemia, he'd somehow continued to do the work he loved. And he continued on, even as younger colleagues retired, even as he was losing a steady stream of friends: he's now the single surviving member of his medical-school class. Still, it wasn't until early this year, after Janice, his wife of sixty years, took a terrible fall and nearly died in surgery, that his whole world changed. If his wife's illness hanging on him, Dr. Scott retired from medicine. He now spends his days at the MedStar Rehabilitation Hospital in Lincoln, arriving no later than 8:30 a.m. and leaving no earlier than 10:30 p.m. He pushes his wife's wheelchair down the labyrinthine hallways, helping her when she needs help sitting, and otherwise watches over her. Just before lights-out, Janice and Paul inevitably talk about their dream of reuniting to live out their lives in Auburn. Then, as often as not, fearful that Janice might awake during the night and not find him there, Paul falls asleep in the armchair by her bed. ■



Joel Meyerowitz (FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY)

Fifth Avenue was the first place I went when I began making photographs. It is where I learned how to see and how to become invisible in the crowd, and it's where my consciousness about photography's possibilities developed. It also taught me about humanity in ways subtle and broad and more important, how much we have such little in common. I've always thought of Fifth Avenue as my street. Its broad boulevard feel is like nowhere else in America. The daily drama of unexpected coincidences, the easy intimacy of all those people passing with such intimacy, the social interplay of the hurried and the wary—all of it becomes the force that sustains me up when I enter its flowing stream. It's the first place I go when I return from any trip I've made. Its energy is unceasing and uplifting. Just to walk down Fifth, with the sun glinting off the buildings and sparkling on the pavement, even now, after 9/11, still fills me with hope and optimism. ■





Christopher Anderson

(LAKEWOOD CHURCH, HOUSTON)

I grew up in Texas. My father was a preacher at a big church in Abilene. So Lakewood Church ("An Oasis of Love"), a mega-church in northeast Houston, felt something like home to me. Lakewood (a nondenominational, holds eighty-two hundred worshippers, offers a Sunday evening service, and has just added a third service on Sunday to accommodate the faithful of southeast Texas. In fact, the spiritual needs are such that Joel Osteen, the young, charismatic pastor, has arranged for spring to move his flock to the Complex Center in downtown Houston, where the Houston Rockets used to play basketball. The new church will hold more than sixteen thousand. And this arena-sized event, stadium-sized churches are not uncommon in this part of the country. Lakewood's congregation is large and vibrant and looks like America. In that it's so racially varied as a church goes. Services are televised around the world; the production is as slick as Broadway; the music is fantastic and totally involving, and the message is always positive ("God wants you to succeed beyond your wildest dreams!"). In October, Pastor Osteen will return on the road, when he's flying to a packed house at Madison Square Garden in New York City. **B**



AMERICA

Army (What I've Learned) Freytag

Playboy
photographer,
54, Los Angeles

INTERVIEW BY LISA FRIEDMAN | ILLUSTRATION BY SCOTT KRAMER

I've lost count. More than a hundred centerfolds. It's not about the nude girl anymore. It was when I was twenty-five. But hopefully I've evolved beyond that. I mean, you don't want to be fifty-four years old and looking up girls' skirts, do you?

Centerfolds have taught me patience and tenacity.

If they were freeters, they wouldn't be in here with their clothes off.

I remember the first Playboy I looked at. Five fourteen. 1964. At the time, I wasn't thinking about making a career taking pictures of nude women. I think I had a repressed desire.

My parents were religious. At first, they were concerned about my career, and they went to talk about it with the minister. He reassured their worries. He said, "There's nothing wrong with the naked body. God created that." As time went by, even started to enjoy the parties.

Architects use ivory tower flows. We use clothes.

Once a year, you'll get a girl who's flawless.

You want to keep to look round. Highlight one side, shadow on the other. Light is straight on and it'll look flat.

Takes who wish to be photographed, made are hard to find. Triplets, even more so. It's a different dynamic: choosing twins. Most of them are very close, but there's always a little jealousy over who's getting the attention. But they're always more fun than one.

Shooting a centerfold in a phone booth is tough. She's in a room in an airplane bathroom, too.

Every guy has a stonewall fantasy.

First thing I look at? The face. Always the face. She's gotta be pretty. Without pretty, I don't care how good the body is. But rules don't apply here.

They say the most beautiful women in the world are from Reykjavik. But we spent a month in Iceland, and we had a very hard time getting girls. The women there will dance in the bar with no clothes on when everybody's drunk, but they didn't want to be seen nude in a magazine. They said, "Look, we live in a very small country. Everybody knows us."

English women are prudish. Their society isn't as open as ours. Their weather is terrible.

The Japanese have a very rigid culture, but what you see on top is not what you see underneath. There are subway cars filled out in Tokyo filled with girls wearing school uniforms. They're dressed up in little skirts, with book bags on their shoulders. The train moves like it's a real train, and the guys walk around and feel up the girls. It's a real problem on the Tokyo subways, with men actually doing that. In some gay districts, it's not the fantasy. I'm not sure why they're shy in Thailand.

You put Carmen Electra in front of a camera and all you need to do is push a button.

Marriage? Don't do it.

I married a Playboy, which didn't work out. It's very difficult for a woman to be in a relationship with someone who sees nude women every day. If the role was turned, I'd have a hard time with it. I understand.

How did I get married? When I was young, I started painting my camera articles and discovered that, jeez, they really like this. Once I figured that one out.

It takes five days to shoot a centerfold. One crunched-up foot will ruin the picture.

My assistant, Chuck, is the most patient guy I've ever met. I asked him, "How did you learn to be so patient?" He said, "I grew up with four sisters."

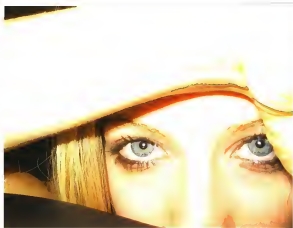
I've not met and lost in the morning anywhere. But you never lose your membership in the nude-high club.

I have a lot of respect for women. I really do. People think that because I shoot them nude, I don't. But it's just the opposite.

Remember, they came to me. They all say it was a great part of their lives. Never once have I heard anyone say she regretted it. In the last thing I want to see at the end of a hard day of work is a naked woman? Well, I wouldn't say that. ...



Freitag has shot more than 100 Playboy centerfolds. He's also worked for Playboy as a photographer, writer, and producer. He's also a director, producer, and screenwriter. He's also a director, producer, and screenwriter. He's also a director, producer, and screenwriter.



My self-portrait

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Something that makes me laugh



Something I'd put in my personal time capsule



Something I can't live without



My self-portrait

ROBERT SMITH
LEAD SINGER THE CURE

Near right: A person
I love. Far right:
Something that
makes me horny



Something I can't
live without



Something I'd put in my personal time capsule

AVRIL LAVIGNE
SINGER-SONGWRITER

ONE PROVIDED EACH BY THE
FIVE 0. PHOTO BY THE LIBERTY HALL
W/ DIGITAL CAMERA 1



ALICIA KEYS
SINGER-SONGWRITER

Something that
drives me crazy



For: Something that makes me horny
Against: Something I can't live without



Something I can't live without

TERRY BRADSHAW
HALL OF FAME QUARTERBACK, COINTEGRITY FOR NFL SUNDAY



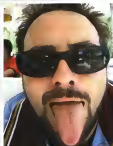
Something I'd like to get rid of



Something that makes me laugh



Something that
makes me hungry



KEVIN SMITH
WRITER-DIRECTOR

This is me: I was gonna go with a male star of me in
the mirror, arrogantly placing the camera in front
of my nose for my mother, but my wife walked in
and caught me, and I spent the better part of the day
explaining my actions. (Sneak, you got this one)



I don't know where all get these
Labs. But my dog Mulder (yes, we
have a labrador now named Mulder)
is obsessed with Donuts. So I
call me a simple man, but it
makes me laugh

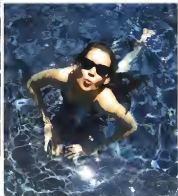


Two in my daughter: Marley. I love her
more than peanut butter and jelly (and
I'm taking ownership on the side of peanut
butter and jelly). Every camera in our
house is permanently focused on her

This is my wife
Jen, as domestic
as others. Smoke
coming in hand,
at a friend's who is
all I've ever want-
ed in a woman.
When I see her
(My wife, it makes
me want to know—
which is problem,
why? Because I see
her like this
roughly, I'd just
want to see her



One of my closest friends looking at his
first woman with someone else. So for a picture of
something that makes me horny, I asked our friend
Ryan to pretend to make a move with her. At least, I
think they're pretending



This is my wife when she gets wet. And when she gets wet, I get horny. It



THE ESQUIRE PHOTOS OF DIANE ARBUS

From 1960 to 1971, Diane Arbus shot some of the most memorable magazine photographs of her time

Norman Mailer once said — after Diane Arbus photographed him — that “giving a camera to Diane Arbus is like putting a live grenade in the hands of a child.” The following six pictures were among more than thirty she detonated in *Esquire* in the 1960s. This was the first magazine to publish her work — in July 1960 — and also one of the last, her final photographs in our pages appearing only a month before she committed suicide with a razor blade in July 1971, at age forty-eight. “Diane Arbus Revelations,” the first international museum retrospective of her work in more than thirty years, opens at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York on March 8.

All photographs
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of Diane Arbus, LLC

Diane Arbus in her living room in
Baltimore from “Diane Arbus in
Baltimore,” *Esquire*, July 1960.





Reheated man and his wife at home in a nudist camp in New Jersey, 1963, from "Notes on the Nudist Camp," an unpublished assignment for Esquire.



The king and queen of a nudist clubhouse in New York, from "The Last of Lilo," Esquire, May 1972.



Top: Marguerite Oswald, from "Lee Oswald's Letters to His Mother (with Forewords by Mrs. Oswald)," *Esquire*, May 1964. Above: Jayne Oswald, with her daughter Jayne Marie, from "Familial Collapses," *Esquire*, July 1963. Right: A family of three in New Orleans' South Central, an outtake from "Let Us Now Praise Dr. Death," *Esquire*, June 1968





BUSH	KERRY
54%	46%
BUSH	KERRY

Rod Gerlach,

48, paper-mill maintenance worker, Green Bay, Wisconsin 2000 votes, Bush

[Brown County, Wisconsin] Wisconsin was very close in 2000 (barely by 62 points), but with Kerry running off in the Democratic stronghold Milwaukee and state it was so close. Bush will need to win the more conservative though economically weakening Green Bay, usually a large margin in favor of the state.

The 7 People Who Will Elect the President

At this point, who's undecided?

Of the approximately 160 million registered voters in America... probably less than six million who are likely to vote. And maybe less than 2.5 million who actually live in the seven or so closely contested states where their votes will make a difference. Many of those states will be decided by what happens in a few counties. Working closely with pollsters, academics, and local reporters, we identified seven of those tipping-point counties in tipping-point states, and in them we found seven voters typical of the kinds of people the parties think are up for grabs there. These are the ones. In one sense, they are merely representative, but in another sense—given how few voters are left to persuade in any critical precinct in any critical state—these are the ones.

WE'VE HEARD
A LOT ABOUT
THE SWING
VOTE. SO WE
WENT OUT AND
FOUND IT.

Photographs by
ANDREW HETHERINGTON



A lot of people at the mill go to Disney World for vacation. We went right after 9/11, and my wife and daughter were just telling all their relatives because it was so creepy. About 1 hour, I hear more talk from Republicans than Democrats. For many, no matter what a Republican says, he's right. Okay, perhaps Republicans are a little more right than wrong. Six months ago, I would have voted for President Bush, but now I'm not so sure. I vote all for the war, but I thought there would be a clear plan. You believe what the government is telling you. Perhaps I said naive. Then again, I'm not so sure Kerry is the answer. I'm scared of changing leaders before things are done.



Victoria Dryden,

31, former star, Reckford Heights, Missouri 2000 vote: Gore

[St. Louis County, Missouri] Once solidly Republican, this sprawling suburb has tilted Democratic, as affluent whites have left and African-Americans have moved in. Estimates are that Romney must gain here by 60 points to take the state—Bush hopes to counter by convincing moderate Catholics to vote their values.



Mike's mother lives across the street from us in the house in which he grew up. And we have a Catholic school just six doors down, where Mike went and where our children go now. It's weird because the neighborhood feels like it's out of the 1960s, which can make it hard because Mike and I tend to be a bit less conservative on some issues than other folks. I'm not a big fan of Bush at all, and I'm not a big supporter of the war. But he did give us some tax relief, and we got the child tax credit, which was very nice. It's not enough to make me want to vote for him, but it's the same with Kerry. A lot of this is just gut feeling. And my gut feeling right now is not great on either of them.



Timothy Gulley,

38, defense contractor, Dayton, Ohio 2000 vote: Gore

[Franklin County, Ohio] Gore lost Ohio by 15 points by failing to cut enough conservative Democrats and independents in the central and southeastern parts of the state. Kerry's ability to convince these voters that he's conservative enough—Bore wasn't, Clinton was—could decide the fate of the state.



We get the gardening from my father. He was in the military, like my brother. So while I don't necessarily believe in the reasons we want to war, I support the troops. They've been giving Bush a hard time in terms of the 9/11 Commission and the transfer of power, and I think it's valid, because we should have an exit strategy. But I'm concerned about changing during wartime. Kerry would have to learn from scratch. When my brother left to serve in Iraq, we sent him off with a big family gathering at my house. We e-mailed each other all the time. Matter of fact, I just got an e-mail from him the other day wondering if everybody's taking care of his grass at home.



Pam Ronca-Shumskas,
36, advertising designer, Lahaska, Pennsylvania 2000 vote: Bush

(Bucks County, Pennsylvania) Historically, Philadelphia's northern suburbs have voted Republican out of Democratic strength in Philly and Pittsburgh. But an influx of immigrants and middle-class liberals has altered the conservative slant. Bucks could help decide the state, as it did for Gore in 2000.



Bucks County
2000 Results



"We've got quite a houseful: three dogs, three cats, and two kids. Paige is five, and the baby, Daniella, is sixteen months. When I tell people that I'm undecided, they almost always shoot back in disbelief, "You haven't decided?" I'm suspicious nothing will change. My husband and I are both self-employed, so the economy comes first. But it's hard to say that neutral, security is second. I find myself questioning whether I hold Bush responsible for the war. But I don't think Kerry is really telling me anything. It's all down in the last few years, voting has felt like deciding between the lesser of two evils, and I have feeling that way. The last time I liked a candidate, I voted for Perot."



David Torrez,
48, auto mechanic, Albuquerque, New Mexico 2000 vote: Bush

(Bernalillo County, New Mexico) While often registered as Democrats, the county's burgeoning Hispanic community tends to lean conservative on military and family issues, placing it in the political crossfire. In a state that went to Gore by 386 votes in 2000.



Bernalillo County
2000 Results



"I used to work in the uranium mines in a town called Grants, and I started hunting when I lived over there. Now I go deer or elk hunting at least once a year. My grandson comes. He's a game since he was young and stays in camp with my wife. The biggest thing I worry about is health care for my family, because everybody's sick. My wife is disabled, she had a stroke. And then my son who lives with me, he has asthma. And I'm diabetic, and I take a bunch of pills myself. The prices of drugs and visiting the doctor just keep going up. I'd like to see a different president with different ideas, but I don't know that Kerry's the one. I don't want to go from bad to worse."

**Lori Willits,**

39, office manager, Aloha, Oregon 2000 vote: did not vote

(Washington County, Oregon) Oregon is a large Republican registration advantage, and because we've pushed the county to do so (and helped handily win the state) in 2000. This year, the Republican majority of the locally conservative is also in doubt.



Washington County

2000 Results

**Luis Mercado,**

33, marketing director and journalist, Orlando, Florida 2000 vote: Gore

(Orange County, Florida) Once a republic stronghold, Florida has seen an influx of young families and immigrants that has changed its predictability. A growing population of Puerto Rican professionals helped Gore take the county two years later. They grew a just no Republican rebellion for governor.



Orange County

2000 Results



I'm kinda scared. I like Bush, only he's such a liar to me. I don't trust him. I don't like how they were talking about 9/11 and there were none found. And I think the war was all planned, even before 9/11. But I don't really want to change when war is right in the middle of a war. Plus, just because Kerry was in the service doesn't mean that he knows what to do once in office. It's just a scary situation for me. My husband went to the Army, and the people that he talks to said the draft's coming and it's coming in the spring. Our son just turned sixteen. He's a fireman, trying to make it to varsity. And I'm just afraid for my son because he's the ripe age

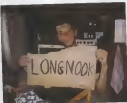


I love to be in my backyard. When I lived in Puerto Rico, I loved the water. But now, I just love it. On Saturdays, I go to my backyard, swim, take in sun, barbecue. Lately, both candidates have been visiting the area, trying to talk with the Hispanic community. But for me, they're both just flaking. There's no substance. I just don't identify with Kerry. It's the same with Bush, but at least he's a leader. He's got guts. I like the Democratic platform, but I'm not so sure about Kerry. He's a little bit weak for me. It's the opposite with Jeb Bush. He speaks Spanish perfectly. He understands the needs of the Hispanic community. He always, always tries to take care of us. He

Director John Waters has photographed everyone who has come to his house. EVER.



7/24/07
John W. Thomas



6/10/91 hatch-hatching
ACXEXI loose trip to brown



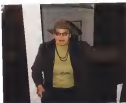
2/18/82 A nig
Johnny Depp out

3. **DANNY GEPF** This was a fun night. He had a limo, so we went to bars all night. We'd go to a straight bar, a gay bar, a straight bar, a gay bar—of course it was all over Fogo Island. Johnny was in a gay bar. He just seemed to think it was ironic that I was in straight bars, which I thought was the real action.



24/04/94 Xmas part
Kam + Paul

>MOM AND DAD This is at the Christmas party. They're conservative, certainly, but less so because I've been their son. It's a little more conservative than people might expect because of them. They come to all my premieres, although they bash me. I'd make another type of movie. I think the only time they didn't have to be to their friends was about *Heavenly Creatures* on Broadway.



3/29/02 ^{not to} dining
Elisabeth Botha

HELSBETH BUTHE I met her when I got arrested for conspiracy to commit indecent exposure for making Mondo Trasho. I called the ACLU. It happened that she answered the phone, and she got me out of jail. I don't have a girlfriend, one of my students at the law firm where I taught for 10 years is a rental for murder and loans to support him. The judge was Elisabeth



11/10/73
 Susan Maynard
 Tracy, California

KUSLANNE SHEPHERD, TRACEY ULLMAN, MIKE SPÖLE, SELMA BLAIR, AND JOHNNY KNOXVILLE This was a dream-come-true for *A Dory Funn*, which is about sex addicts. Johnny Knoxville is why this movie got making: I courted him for two years. I love a star who knows that and doesn't act like an asshole.



10/19/03
Chris I SANK At 4:50

HOBBIS IS AAK Chris was on tour, so he didn't come to the Shy Shams rehearsal. He just came over for a cup of coffee. I showed him this art installation I have on the top floor, which is a bomb factory by Gregory Green. It's like the room of a mad bomber right before the police get there. He said no, no, no.



8/19/02
Steve
Dave Gessy
Pat Marone & Traci Lords

Pat
"Laganese"
Brian Wain



8/19/02
Nikki Church
Nikki Church
Nikki Church
Nikki Church
Nikki Church
Nikki Church
Nikki Church
Nikki Church
Nikki Church
Nikki Church

WENDY WATSON, PAT MORAN, AND TRACI LORDS
Pat Moran has been my best friend for forty years. We met in a bar in New York City. The truth is, we had the same boyfriend. That is her son on the left, who appeared in *Desperate Living* as a child. He married Traci Lords. Pat absolutely adored Traci! She still does, even though she and Traci are now divorced.

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9/26/92
Dina Dee & Peter Zahoradz
marriage
marriage

SEE DEE TAYLOR AND PETER ZAHORADZ
They were the first couple I married. I've probably done seven or eight. I got married in the Universal City Church a long time ago because we were going to marry Johnny Depp and Helena Bonham Carter. I got married up there talking them out of it. They were young.



11/1/98
Lauren Hulsby
Little Cherry
trick or treat

LAUREN HULSBY
Lauren played Little Cherry in *Trick or Treat*. She was like a junkie for candy. On Halloween that year, she came to my door dressed as a bag of sugar. I suppose she got into the role and it was hard to get her out of it.



9/20/92
George Kalaberes
rehabilitated
dinner

GEORGE KALABERES
I taught him at the Prisoner Institute. He was in there for a murder. I got out. We would come to each other when I was drinking. He got a letter from him saying, "They took me again for a murder that I did not do." It turned out that they had killed a man that he had just befriended. He let them to another home and that man in a wheelchair to steal his coin collection. A real joke.



11/1/93
Patricia Dunne
Sam Waterston
K. Turner
Nathan
L. Davis

PATRICIA DUNNE, BOB LADD, SAM WATERSTON, KATHLEEN TURNER, AND MATTHEW FURLONG
This was a living room rehearsal for *Seven Men in a Room*. People are always saying, "How did you get Sam Waterston to be in your movie?" Times, rooms was surprised that, say, Helena Bonham Carter is one of my fans, but they always seem shocked by Sam. Just hear him down Turner is going to be Martin in *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* Broadway. Oh, if ever there is a Sam in the making.



12/18/93
John Hill
Xmas
party

JOHN HILL
I have a Christmas party every year for everyone I know in the film industry. Some people here only at that party. John Hill was one of my early fans. He helped me with *Superman Living*, and the fans just loved her. She cracked it in—she had a hundred pounds. She's lost some weight.



8/1/02
P. L. B. B. B.
for toilet

COLLEEN B. B. B.
Somebody stronger got a word when my ass was and ask Turner take their picture. She was always coming on to them. But usually they go away. And where here, how great do they look? It's like a house where they have a good building, the green seed house and a plumber is

Me, Myself, and I

Wherein
Esquire
outfits nine top
photographers in
fall's easiest casual
clothes and asks them
to turn their cameras
on themselves



Chris Buck

the location: His New York City apartment
the shot: "I wanted to make sure the clothes look good, since it's a fashion-related photo-graph, but I didn't want to take myself too seriously. With the help of a really great makeup artist, Jason Paulson, I gave myself a black eye. It's sort of reflective of my work, though—a little weird. Sometimes and otherwise in particular, above all else." Two-button, spout-neck, 93-115 and 100L, TURTLENECK, JANE PROCTOR & CARBANA.



• Ben Watts

the location: Mount Hood, Oregon
the swap: "It's not every day that you find yourself in such a beautiful landscape, so I thought Mount Hood provided the perfect opportunity to take a cool photo. I think the scenery really helped me make kind of an awkward experience—photographing myself—a lot easier, because it wasn't as if I was the only thing in the picture. It also isn't all about me." **"SWAP: AUTOHOOD, JACOB" (LEFT) AND "STRUCTURE" (RIGHT) BY BEN WATTS**
COTTON: JACOB; JACOB: JACOB; JACOB: JACOB

• Michael Edwards

the location: The parking lot of Chick-fil-A, Round Rock, Pennsylvania
the swap: "This was the night before the grand opening of Chick-fil-A. The first hundred customers got free chicken, so these people were camping out overnight. I've spent a lot of time in places like these, where I'm in a place that's really cool, where I'm in a place that's really cool. This was the perfect setting." **"THE BUTTERWOOD, BUT NOT THE BUTTERWOOD" (LEFT) AND "THE BUTTERWOOD, BUT NOT THE BUTTERWOOD" (RIGHT) BY MICHAEL EDWARDS**
BUTTERWOOD: MICHAEL EDWARDS; BUTTERWOOD: MICHAEL EDWARDS



Jake Chessum

THE SETTING: The Westchester, Boston, Mass. **THE WORK:** "I was in Boston to photograph Henry Remick of the Boston Red Sox when I turned the camera on myself in the hotel room. I found that I couldn't actually look at it, that I needed to look away or be doing something. So I decided to jump up and down on the bed with all the usual gear that I travel with (camera under my feet)." **NEIGHBORHOOD:** North End, San Diego **CONNECTION:** Dave Lauder, the photographer who met him.

Edwin Hill

THE LOCATION: His Brooklyn apartment, New York. **THE WORK:** "I had to go to the Staten Island Ferry and photograph myself there, but I got shut down right away by security. So instead I just tried to provide a very simple, straight, white portrait. Two of my friends came over to help me, and I threw up a seamless backdrop. I didn't want it to be funny or outrageous, just the very plain and very simple." **NEIGHBORHOOD:** Sunset Park **CONNECTION:** None.





• Jeff Lipsky

THE LOCATION His studio in Venice, California. **THE WORK** "I used a large-format camera a fair bit here for this shot. I made sure that no one else was in the room. That's the essence of self-portraits: to have that personal, intimate moment. And I've always loved the way the light naturally falls on my studio floor. So I wanted to put myself in the light with nothing artificial about it." **HAIR** AUTUMN/NOV. **JACKET** DRUGS AND COTTON (SHORT SLEEVE) FOLDSHIP/PAUL & LARRY. **COTTON JEANS** DICKY PETERSON/PR.

• Hug Kretschmer

HE'S A SCENE His studio in Brooklyn. **THE WORK** "I didn't want the photograph to be about just me. My four-year-old daughter proved to be the perfect complement to the picture. My work is usually very preplanned and thought out beforehand. Working with her as part of this photo is a bit spontaneous, and I had to let go of control." **YOUR OUTFIT** MUGLIM JACKET (\$195), COTTON SHIRT (\$55), COTTON JEANS (\$95), AND LEATHER BOOTS (\$195) BY JOHN VAMANTOS.

THE LOCATION His Brooklyn apartment building
THE SET "As someone who mainly does documentary-style photography, I'm not the kind of photographer who necessarily sets anything up with lights or stands or anything. It's always just me and my camera. Frankly, I'm not quite sure how to use the timer on the Gritzer. So I tried to snag a minor from my bathroom to see what I was doing." www.fox.com/5.0.06
SPARKS JONES CASHIER: BUNDLES OF CASH
WORTH \$100,000
THE TAKEAWAY JONES CASHIER: BUNDLES OF CASH
THE TAKEAWAY JONES CASHIER: BUNDLES OF CASH

THE SHOT "As someone who really does documentary-style photography, I'm not the kind of photographer who even really sets anything up with lights or assistants or anything. It's always just me and my camera. Frankly, I'm not quite sure how to use the timer on the camera. So I just try to snag a mirror from my bathroom to see what I'm doing." **LOUIS LUX JOINT** (3,394)
BRADMAN JAMES CASH-MERE-BLIND
SWIFT (2,519)
JOHN JOINT (2,494)
JOHN JOINT (2,494)
JOHN JOINT (2,494)

dang *LEA-ER JOET (SUNG)
 SHAMAI JAWI CAH-NIE-ELIND
 SHET(SUNG)SHOKHAWAH CENTER
 JAWI (SUNG) JOHN WALKER

[illegible]

THE BOTT "There's a reason why I'm behind the camera rather than in front of it. It's an uncomfortable place to be in all images of yourself that I honest. And that's something I try to be aware of when I'm photographing men—because I know that very few people are completely at ease being a man's subject." **DE-AUTON** COTTON AND VELVET JACKET; **DAVID** AND **DI-FRONT** HENRI AND CLOAK; **MAN** WITH **LEATHER** DRESS; **GLASS** HICHAH; **KING** COTTON; **ARMED** GAVE IN **DISOL**; **SHOCKED** STEEL; **KNOW** QUARTZ; **CHROMA** SLIDE

BY TIGHE LEE

By ANDREW BRUCKER

Photograph Her Nude



STRENGTHENING YOURSELF

When loosened, a series of 11 will allow 19-year-olds to take a picture that you think will turn you on. For instance, if you're a leg man, have the woman cross her legs with one leg slung over the other. A nice-strapped cat's a good knee, and a small smile—it's cheeky and beautiful.



STEP 2: USE COMFORTABLE

LIGHTING: Don't trap in with too cold or too harsh light. Seedlings need you to have your chops. Stick with easy, friendly warm lighting until you're just starting out. When you're natural light, then try a little lamp or even a floor lamp for a little extra light.



STEP 3: IDENTIFYING THE

PERIPHERY You need to find a line, a tubular and a + line that a compatible will suit you (PHE). It's beautiful. And try to remember that the other body parts, should they be in the picture, need to hold up their end of the bargain or you will hurt the overall effect.



2019年4月25日星期三

So, have to stop and decide what your subject is physical. Strengths are if you pullback and you don't like the line of this picture. Mostly if you're not in spirit by it, it makes sense to assume and make certain aspects of her



STEP 5: ADAPT it your style

While supporting is good, find another position or way to bring out her beauty. If her hair is a little messy, open your camera lens all the way so she's the focus. I don't do this, but one trick bright-light photographers use to take better on the lens, is to change the lens's aperture so it's wider. This lets more light in, making your pictures dreamy.

—da seje by PETER MARTIN
Prezidentský úřad, 20.10.2018, 11.00h

- Brucker advocates idealizing your favorite aspects of the human body, willowing legal for esthetics



Serious People Making Funny Faces

At the Four Seasons in New York and the Palm in Washington, for just a moment anyway, they didn't take themselves quite so seriously

BY ROGER H. JACKSON



Greta Van Susteren
enjoying time on the island
with George Van Susteren



Bob Schieffer,
chief Washington correspondent
CBS News, is author *Face the Nation:
My 50 Wild Years from the First
20 Hours of the Award-Winning
News Broadcast*



Julia H. Cook, co-owner, the Four Seasons restaurant, New York



Key: Can the HNT answer the question?



Walt K. Flory, president, New School University; member, NCTE Council



Arrival Scenes capture fresh arrivals



David T. Rubin, editorial director, *Journal of the Neurological Sciences*



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Manon Barry,
civil rights activist. Four-
term mayor of Washington
currently candidate for
Washington City Council.



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These products may have been sold to you by, or you may have made your payment on, C.P. Direct, Inc., Nutritional Supplements Inc., Tel 4 Audio, or CD ROM of the Month Club.

YOU MAY BE ENTITLED TO A COURT ORDERED REFUND.

The Arizona Attorney General has forfeited the assets of C.P. Direct, Inc. and others in a lawsuit brought in the Arizona Superior Court, and turned over these assets to a Receiver to use for compensation to persons who purchased these products. The Court found that C.P. Direct, Inc. and others committed fraud by making the following false statements:

- Longitude would permanently increase the length of the penis, Stature would increase height, and Full&Firm would increase female breast size.
- These products were the results of scientific or medical research.
- The "before" and "after" photos and other testimonials showed actual results from the use of these products;
- Purchasers of these products were safeguarded by a money-back guarantee;
- Purchasers could avoid further charges by canceling "autoship" product refills.

If you purchased any of the above products and never received a full refund from the seller, your credit card company, or other party, you may request a refund of your uncompensated loss by timely filing a completed Request for Compensation form with the Receiver. Also, you may request a refund of your uncompensated loss if you purchased any of the following other products sold by C.P. Direct, Inc.: bio STAC, d-Zinc, Euphoria, far BLOK, Follicure, Inferno A, Inferno B, Inferno C, Equushero, Equanas, Long Jack, or N-B-G.

For information on filing a Request for Compensation go to: www.cp-receivership.com
Or write to: C.P. Direct Receivership
PO Box 14090, Scottsdale Arizona 85267

Requests for Compensation forms submitted by mail must be postmarked, and those submitted electronically at the above website must be transmitted, not later than DECEMBER 31, 2004.

Only a Request for Compensation form provided by the Receiver may be used.

This notice has been authorized by the Arizona Superior Court for Maricopa County in *State of Arizona, ex rel Terry Goldsaw v C.P. Direct, Inc., et al.*, No. CV 2002-011275. For information about this case go to www.cp-receivership.com - DO NOT contact the Court for information about this case.

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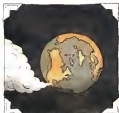
- Michael Murphy
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Photos We Couldn't Quite Get Ahold Of



Marlon Brando's cremation, as seen from space



Bentley's session, Summer '04



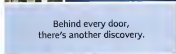
Al Gore's porn collection.



John Kerry's, John Edwards's before pictures from the Hair Club for Men



The White House private screening of 'Fahrenheit 9/11'



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